# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### THE GERMAN PRESS AND THE AMERICAN TREATY

THE German and Austrian press — always excepting Junker organs, which strive to make political capital out of every act of the present government — welcomes the restoration of peace *de jure* as well as *de facto* between Germany, Austria and the United States. Some Berlin editors lay stress upon the fact that this is a negotiated and not a dictated peace — the first treaty of that kind which has been made between nations that participated in the recent war. While recognizing that the present administration at Washington will discourage the importation of foreign merchandise by high-tariff barriers, they anticipate a stimulation of German trade as a result of restored commercial relations with our country. Importance is also attached to the treaty as 'one more step away from the psychology of war.' Such criticism as makes itself heard is to the effect that the United States is reaping all the fruits of the Versailles Treaty, while evading the moral responsibility that attaches to its alleged unjust provisions.

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### THE RUSSIAN FAMINE

ARTHUR RANSOME writing to the Manchester *Guardian* from Riga in August, with the advantage of a personal knowledge of Russia and of proximity to the latest sources of information, thus describes conditions in the famine area at that time: —

The Volga country, from Nijni Novgorod downwards, the south part of Viatka Government, part even of the Don country, Samara Government, are not merely hungry, but starving; not only without food for human beings, but without grass for beasts, all vegetation being burned to death.

In Samara Government the drought was accompanied by another of the plagues, and such small crops as showed themselves in fortunate places were devoured by the locusts. Here, while there was grass, people were eating it. Acorns were luxuries. The women were making bread out of the leaves of linden trees, and from roots. They stewed the roots three times, and made a sort of bread from the resulting non-nutritious pulp. Streams dried up; springs died. All over the country was feverish, desperate digging of new wells when the old failed for the first time in human memory. Over whole provinces the fields are simply burned earth, scarred with cracks, without a single green blade. The official newspapers announce with thankfulness that in Tsaritsin Government the first rains came in time to save a few of the potatoes. And this tragedy of local drought is extended over most of Russia by the fact that the districts affected are usually fertile districts, which contribute to the feeding of less fortunate places. It is possible to construct a map of Russia and

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to draw a line across it, running from somewhere south of Moscow in a northeasterly direction, dividing territory that cannot feed itself from territory that can both feed itself and export corn. The bulk of the famine-stricken country lies on the richer side of that line. Then, too, the drought has not affected cornlands alone. The Khirghiz pastures are a desert, and the Khirghiz are killing their cattle, being unable to feed them. An ironic horrible sign of the drought is the fact that the markets of Orenburg, Ak-Bulak, and Aktiobinsk are stacked with fresh meat, which lack of transport makes immovable. As for the Khirghiz themselves, they expect nothing but death with the coming of winter, for they will be without food of any kind.

Much, true and untrue, has already been written of the migration of the starving people. It has been said, for example, that they are besieging the towns — an act which, is the last that would occur to the mind of anyone who has been living in Russia and wants food. The tendency of the migrating population is the natural one, toward the fabled fertile countries of Siberia and the Ukraine. There are districts where there is nothing to eat at all, and here cottages are left empty, and the people are moving with their carts until their horses die, and then on foot, themselves accompanied by death.

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### LOUCHEUR AND RATHENAU

ALTHOUGH the terms of the Business Man's agreement between Walter Rathenau and Loucheur, at their Wiesbaden meeting late in August, have not been fully disclosed, their substance is generally known. France accepts the principle that Germany may pay what she owes for reparation in goods. France will receive such goods to the value of 7,000,000,000 marks in gold during the next five years. Any French citizen whose property has been destroyed and his damages adjudicated can order the goods of his choice from any German merchant, send the bill to a French commission, who will charge it against his compensation allotment, and pass it on for payment to a German commission. Judging by such details as this, the agreement seems to have been a practical business men's arrangement, quite unlike ordinary diplomatic bargains. France will obtain one advantage of very great importance in return for the privilege of allowing Germany to pay in kind: she will get something on account at once, regardless of the provisions of an agreement among the Allies by which certain other countries and claims enjoy priority over her own. In fact, France is reported to have appealed recently to the Belgian Government to relinquish some of its priority rights in her favor, or, at least, to apply Belgium's receipts from Germany on the debt that Belgium owes to France.

Of course, the Wiesbaden agreement will not be popular with certain French industrialists and contractors — a body which the French Minister of Reparations was at one time supposed peculiarly to represent. However, Loucheur and Rathenau are both farsighted men, and this agreement may be a tentative step toward some broader scheme of economic coöperation between the two countries. At least, this has been suggested in the foreign press, where it has been cited as a reason for the objections to the new plan which have appeared in British newspapers.

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### ERZBERGER'S ASSASSINATION

AMERICAN readers have already been informed by the press dispatches of the tremendous effect which Erzberger's assassination by two youthful ex-officers produced upon public opinion in Germany. It had the effect of uniting the parties of the Centre and Left in a solid block against the reactionary Right. A Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* informed his paper: 'Reaction itself has become

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quite quiet. It has almost ceased to exist. The Berlin Right organs are so tongue-tied that they are scarcely recognizable; even the sharp measures of the Government against them are barely criticized.' The authorities forbade the appearance of nine of the leading Junker newspapers for a fortnight. The prohibition extended to papers published in Munich, Stuttgart, and Hamburg, as well as Berlin. Men not in active military service were forbidden to appear in public in uniform, except when granted special permission by the Chancellor. The penalty imposed upon men having 'the right to wear a uniform' for violating this order ranged from 500 to 1000 francs and loss of the privilege in question. Men not entitled to wear a uniform, who violated the order, were subject to imprisonment.

Reactionary papers tried to divert attention from their own moral complicity in the crime by ranting at the Communists and Socialists for their acts of violence. Naturally, the moderate and radical papers made a tremendous amount of capital out of the incident. The Pope sent a sympathetic message to Erzberger's widow, praising his efforts on behalf of the Catholic Church. This settled the question so far as the members of that confession were concerned. Erzberger dead did what Erzberger living could never have accomplished — unite the discordant factions among the Clericals. His murder has probably been a fatal blow to the Monarchist movement in Bavaria.

While they deplored and condemned the crime, however, Erzberger's weaknesses were generally recognized in the obituary comments upon his life. *Frankfurter Zeitung* said: —

His greatest fault was lack of a certain instinctive culture, without which a man cannot succeed permanently in such a career as he adopted. Naturally this had nothing to do with his humble origin. Native culture does not depend on rank and ancestry. . . . As a member of Parliament, and even as a Cabinet officer, he was associated with dealings which he never should have touched. He did not make much money by them. He would not have been a really poorer man had he never undertaken them. He was not a great corruptionist, who mixed business with politics to line his pockets. He merely lacked that instinct of finer honor which tells a man infallibly what is proper and what is not proper.

*Berliner Tageblatt* characterized the former minister, who was only forty-six years old at the time of his death, as 'the strongest political force and the most fertile-minded party tactician of present Germany.'

The same paper described the campaign against him as follows: —

Since the fulfillment of our reparation obligations has been made the critical question of the hour by the introduction of new revenue laws, the German Nationalists have begun a campaign of unexampled bitterness against the Central Government. Well-known Conservative members of the Reichstag are raging through the country, wildly denouncing the new taxes at innumerable public meetings. A pocket-book panic has caused the National Farmers' Union to take serious measures preparatory to withholding farm produce from the townspeople and to inaugurating a famine blockade against the cities. The militarist wing of the Conservatives, led by Mr. Ludendorff, has been organizing veterans' reviews all over the country. An effort has been made to revive the war-spirit. Dark schemes to overthrow the government have been discussed in secret conventicles. Public opinion has been systematically stirred up, until it is in a mood for any rash adventure.

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### IRISH PEACE TERMS

A WRITER in the London *Outlook* has 'private reasons to believe' that the Irish leaders, or a considerable number of them at least, have had a

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long-standing agreement to accept the following minimum as a basis of negotiation with the British government: —

(1) Ireland to remain within the Empire, but to have complete fiscal autonomy, accepting a fair share of the Imperial debt.
(2) Ulster to be granted autonomy, but within Ireland and not within the no-longer-to-be-United Kingdom.
(3) A complete amnesty.
(4) Any military, naval, or diplomatic safeguards against Ireland that England thinks necessary, and that are reasonable, to be granted.

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PAX ECONOMICA

A BELGIAN captain of industry, Henry Lambert, who, like Walter Rathenau, combines high attainments as an economist with eminence in the business world, has just published at Paris a work under the above title, which is being widely reviewed. He uses as a sub-title what he believes is the only principle upon which permanent international peace can rest: —

'Free trade and intercourse between nations: an indispensable and sufficient basis for universal and permanent peace.'

This volume of 324 pages is devoted to developing and demonstrating the thesis thus stated. His argument is that the necessary condition precedent to world peace is free trade among all countries, and that protective tariffs are the ultimate and chief cause of the rivalries, the jealousies, and the hatred among nations, which sooner or later breed war.

In the first chapter, the author reprints a memorandum which he submitted to Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, in April, 1913. This paper was entitled: *The European Question in 1913 and its Economic Solution*, and contains this rather vigorous, but prophetic paragraph: —

I denounce protectionism as the principal and fundamental cause of the great conflict that now threatens the peace of the world. Protectionism is a doctrine which perpetuates ignorance, error, despoliation, and economic vandalism among the citizens of every country; which encourages the segregation and isolation of peoples, which fosters economic, moral, and social backwardness; which begets jealousy and hatred among nations.

This paragraph is typical of the energetic style and positive convictions which characterize the book. The volume is a collection of studies, lectures, letters, tracts, and articles, written at various times before and since the war.

The last three chapters contain a summary of the measures which the author believes might have prevented the fearful conflict he so clairvoyantly predicted. He wrote three months before the war broke out: —

Consider the irritation that is caused in competing countries when one of their neighbors conquers and attempts to make an exclusive trade preserve of new territories hitherto open to the commerce of the world. . . . The Treaty of Berlin provided that complete freedom of trade should exist in the Belgian colony of the Congo. The Powers signing this treaty considered it relatively unimportant what government exercised political jurisdiction over this new empire in Central Africa, providing that its political allegiance did not interfere with the equal rights of all countries to trade throughout its territories. Is not that an indication that, under an era of universal free trade, international jealousies and antagonisms would disappear? . . . Would not the rivalries among the great Western powers in China, which are already assuming a critical character, be converted into friendly coöperation, such as existed when they jointly liberated their legations in Peking, if all those powers would bind themselves fully and firmly to respect hereafter the economic integrity and independence of the Celestial Empire? Did not the assurance of France

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that Germany would enjoy ample trade privileges in Morocco suffice to make the latter country abandon its arrogant and menacing attitude at the Algeciras Conference? It must be admitted that, since the Algeciras Conference, we have witnessed no diplomatic agreements looking toward an era of freer trade among nations. But would not the Balkan problem have been more easily solved if the European powers had come to an understanding previously, that absolute free trade should prevail throughout the territories in dispute between the Balkan allies and Turkey? Unless such freedom of trade exists, will the Balkan powers remain long at peace? Are we not justified in predicting that the great unsettled questions affecting Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, and China will not be settled peaceably and for the interest of the nations primarily concerned unless the principles of free trade and the open door are enforced? A convention treaty signed by all the great powers, providing for the establishment of free trade within a definite period, — five years for example, — throughout all their present and future colonial territories, for a period of, say, a century, would represent a tremendous step toward international peace. It would be the first and probably the decisive step toward free trade among the mother countries.

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### WHAT THE TURKS FIGHT FOR

THE Turks of Angora are fighting to enforce their 'National Pact,' a covenant to which they have bound themselves since the beginning of their armed opposition to the Entente. The terms of this Pact, as reported by a Near Eastern correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, are as follows: —

(1) The Ottoman Empire abandons claims to territories inhabited by Arab majorities, but considers the other parts of the Ottoman Empire, inhabited by a population united by religion, race, and aspirations, as an inseparable whole.

(2) The Ottoman Empire leaves the status of Western Thrace, where a majority of the population consists of Turkish and Bulgarian Moslems, to be decided by its inhabitants.

(3) The Ottoman Empire accepts and supports the rights of minorities in accordance with the principles decided by the powers, hoping that Moslems living in neighboring countries will benefit by the same rights.

(4) The Ottoman Empire demands the security of Constantinople and the Sea of Marmora, and respects the decision of the interested powers, that the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles shall be opened for commerce and communications.

(5) The Ottoman Empire accepts a plebiscite in Kars, Ardahan, and Batum.

(6) The Ottoman Empire insists that national and economic development and the administration of the country on modern principles are impossible without a recognition of the Empire's complete independence and freedom, and considers this a fundamental necessity for its existence.

The sixth clause implies the abolition of the capitulations which existed before the war, as well as the removal of all sanctions and other forms of control imposed upon Turkey as a result of the war.

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### AFRICAN QUESTIONS

BELGIUM is occupied at present in suppressing a native revolt in the Congo. A correspondent writes to *L'Indépendance Belge* from Kikondja, cautioning Belgians against associating these troubles with the so-called Pan-African movement. Marcus Garvey, the so-called President of the 'African Black Republic,' who is reported in the press to have been repudiated by the colored American representatives at the recent Belgian Conference, is a Jamaican negro, described by this correspondent as 'a man of superior intellect and excellent education.' He became a journalist when eighteen years old, working on papers at Kingston and, later, at

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London. He has studied at several European universities.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Marcus Garvey is very well known to our Congo natives. Although he has agents and adherents in all the larger centres of population in the Congo, the present insurrections are purely local, and have been excited by ambitious native fetish priests.

The recent Negro Congress, which held sessions in London, Brussels, and Paris, seems from early press reports to have devoted most of its attention to the condition of the race in Africa. Dr. DuBois and other American representatives sought to enlist the interest of the Conference in the question of lynching and race-discrimination in America. M. Diagne, a colored member of the French Parliament, defended the extension of compulsory military service to the black race in the French colonies, on the ground that this increased the sentiment of solidarity between the Blacks and the Whites, and stimulated the political consciousness of the African peoples.

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EAST SIBERIA

ORRIN KEITH, whose interesting article on the Far Eastern Republic we printed in our issue of September 10, describes in subsequent letters to *The Japan Advertiser* a journey he made with Krasnoschekoff, its President, to the Western boundary, when the latter was leaving for Moscow. He says the railroad is in fully as good condition in that direction, as it is east of Chita.

At every station are the peasants, with their milk, eggs, butter, and occasionally a girl or boy with a bowlful of wild strawberries or gooseberries. Cooked up with sugar, these make a most delicious conserve. We are beyond the country of white bread, and must content ourselves with the less aristocratic black bread that is the staff of life of the country. At the larger stations, sausage, meat-cakes, and even roast meats can be purchased, all at prices which are very low when reduced to American money.

The President told Keith of his boyhood in Russia, his exile to Siberia, his escape to America, and his studies at Chicago University.

A table at one end of his car was piled high with books, every one of them serious and most of them weighty works. His sole companion on his long journey is Professor Russman, of Moscow University, who has nothing to do with politics but is versed in philosophy, from Plato to Einstein. Together they read Nietzsche and Whitman and the modern Russian poets.

At Verkhne-Udinsk, a rather commonplace but beautifully situated city on a hilly slope in a huge bend of the Salenga River, Keith visited a hospital and a university.

Visits to hospitals in Siberia are somewhat saddening, there is so much to do and so little to do with. At Verkhne-Udinsk the situation was typical. Two doctors, one of whom had become a patient himself from mental exhaustion; three or four nurses working in two long shifts; a building falling to ruin and little money to make repairs; a pitiful lack of equipment and supplies — these are the items in a description of a Siberian hospital. Yet they try so hard, and the patients seem so grateful for everything done for them. It is not much they need; it is comparatively little, yet that little is so hard to get.

The People's University of Pri-Baikalia is almost as pathetic as the hospital. In four barren rooms, as many professors, through the pure love of learning and the desire that its light shall not be lost to the Russians in the Far East, are struggling to bring to life an institution of higher education. At the time of our visit, the University was holding an exhibition. Archæology, palæontology, anthropology, economics, ethnology, entomology, mineralogy, and history, all had their meagre displays. The little faculty eagerly went from one room to another to show the results of their efforts.

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# FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

BY LUIGI SALVATORELLI

From *La Stampa, August* 20
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

I DO not know whether Monsignor Cerretti had read the recently published *Mémoires* of his illustrious predecessor, Cardinal Ferrata, before he left for Paris as the first Papal Nuncio to France, after the seventeen-years interruption of relations between the Holy See and the 'Eldest Daughter of the Church.' Those volumes are devoted largely to an account of the author's labors as Nuncio in Paris between 1891 and 1896. If his present successor did read them, it was doubtless with deep interest and no little reflection. In fact, a certain analogy exists between the mission confided to Cardinal Ferrata thirty years ago by Leo XIII, and the mission just confided by Benedict XV to Monsignor Cerretti. The latter is entrusted with the task of sealing and cementing the reconcilation between the Vatican and the French Republic. Ferrata was expected to accomplish an equally momentous task —to reconcile the Catholics of France with the Third Republic.

Monsignor Ferrata succeeded the Nuncio Rotelli after the famous toast at Algiers, on November 12, 1890, when Cardinal Lavigerie, in welcoming the French squadron, declared, to the accompaniment of the Marseillaise, his adhesion to the Republic. It was also immediately after the Bishop of Saint Fleur, the same month, confirmed with more discreet words the substance of that toast. Shortly after Ferrata assumed the duties of his post in Paris, Leo XIII published, on February 16, 1892, the encyclical *Au milieu des sollicitudes*, addressed to the French bishops, in which he enjoined French Catholics to be loyal to the Republic. However, Ferrata's task was two-fold: to persuade the Catholics of France who were almost unanimously hostile to the Republic, to surrender their monarchical sympathies and dynastic attachments and reconcile themselves with the existing government, and; at the same time, to persuade the Republican authorities to cease regarding the Catholic Church, the French Catholics, and the Vatican, with a hostile and suspicious eye, and to call a halt, or, better still, to retrace their steps, in anti-Clerical legislation.

It would be hard to say which of these two tasks was the more difficult. Monsignor Ferrata does not tell us in his memoirs. But to judge from his narrative, the French Catholics gave him more trouble than did the government. The Nuncio certainly had many exacting and delicate situations to deal with in his relations with the French members of the Church. It seems certain that the Catholic militants in France, including some of the bishops, did their utmost to aggravate these difficulties, not so much on account of their religious zeal, — as Ferrata himself observes repeatedly, — as on account of their Royalist dislike for the Republic. The Cardinal quotes such expressions from their leaders as the following: 'It is wrong to be a Republican when Republicans are honorable, liberal, and good men. . . . The only flower that blossoms in that filthy bog



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is the flower of rabblement and brutishness.' Ferrata condemns such Royalists, who strove 'to turn back the current of religious pacification which was so welcome to the government and to the country at large,' and relates an almost incredible incident, where a Catholic nobleman of Brittany, the Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumanoir, tried to sow discord by complaining in the Senate because the catechism was being taught in certain government schools of Brittany, and demanded that this cease, in the interest of religious neutrality.

Catholics of this queer type did not hesitate to insult their own bishops when the latter seemed to them too tolerant of the existing government. They denounced them as 'accomplices in the persecution of the Church,' as 'incense-burners to the low-born, base Carnot'; as spies, cowards, and men who had sold themselves to the parties in power. One of their favorite manœuvres was to oppose the Concordat, which enslaved the church and paralyzed its energy. This argument was used, not only by Catholic laymen, but also by priests and bishops. Ferrata cites an appeal to the French Catholics urging them to oppose the Concordat, from the pen of Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, a gentleman who, unless we are mistaken, was later a ringleader of the irreconcilables during the Papacy of Pius X — who attacked the Paris government after it broke off relations with Rome, and was prominent in the fight against Modernism.

The chapter that throws most light upon the character of French clericalism is, perhaps, the one that describes the fight against imposing a succession tax upon the property of the religious orders. It seems clear from the Cardinal's account that the question was of little practical importance — a mere dispute over trifles. For instance, the total tax levied on one of the principal orders, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, amounted to 25,000 or 30,000 francs a year. Distributed among the 1200 monasteries of this order, it amounted to about 25 francs for each one. Indeed, many of the orders — those which were registered as legal corporations — were in favor of complying at once with the law.

But there were others that would not listen to this — particularly members of the unregistered orders, who were theoretically subject to a higher tax, but in practice could easily evade paying any tax whatever. These ecclesiastics fairly overwhelmed with pious insults and religious anathemas anyone, whether layman or cleric, who did not agree with them. 'They assumed that they possessed a monopoly of all the zeal and heroism expended in defending the rights of the church. . . . Whoever adopted their views was a brave and courageous man, a true champion of the good cause. Whoever was inclined to a different opinion was a villain, a poltroon, not to say a traitor.' According to Ferrata, these clerical irreconcilables eventually fancied that they alone spoke in the name of the Deity, proclaiming that, if a miracle was necessary, they would demand one. They ended by emulating Langenieux, Cardinal of Reims, who cited as a precedent for refusing to pay taxes the resistance of the early church to the Pagan Emperors and the example of the Christian martyrs.

Naturally, these irreconcilable monks and priests were backed up by those French Catholics who were opposed to any form of reconciliation with the government, who were Royalists equally hostile to the Republic and to the policy of the Holy See.

Cardinal Richard told me confidentially one day, that this noisy protest against the taxes was, indeed, caused partly by the revolt of sincere Christians against a measure

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hostile to the Church; but that there was also a good deal of simulated religious interest and political intrigue behind it. . . . Eugenio Veuillot told me late in August, 1895, that a certain militant clique, which was doing all in its power to foment resistance to the law, was headed by Monarchists who were trying to defeat the policy of the Holy See.

Ferrata's *Mémoires* help us to explain the failure of Pope Leo's policy of reconciling French Catholics with their government. Naturally, the Nuncio does not admit this failure, which, in fact, did not become evident until later, during and after the Dreyfus affair, when the policy of Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes clashed with the policy of Pius X. But we can discover from what he tells us the conditions that made failure inevitable. They were substantially these: the obstinate anti-Republicanism of French Catholics and the obstinate anti-Clericalism of French Republicans.

What motives impelled Leo XIII to undertake this policy and to persist in it, notwithstanding its unpromising prospect? Ferrata explains this by quoting papal documents and by his own observations. The purpose was to rescue religion in France from the vicissitudes of party strife by accepting the political institutions which the country had adopted, and then to rally all the conservative elements of the nation to the defense of religion. To put the motive in more concrete, political terms, those which Ferrata himself uses to interpret the Pope's desires: the Holy See sought to end the identification of Catholicism with Royalist opposition to the Republic, and thus to deprive the Republic of its strongest arguments for opposing the Church; to force a wedge between the Moderate Republicans and the Radical Republicans, who had hitherto been united against the Catholics because the latter were Royalists, and thus to form a Conservative-Republican *bloc* friendly to the Church.

It was an excellent plan, but it required the Catholic Royalists to sacrifice their political convictions, or — what was the same in practice — to cease trying to put them into effect. However, it was not easy for the Pope to compel obedience in the home of the Gallican movement. The Holy Father demanded more than he had power to enforce. French Catholics would not consent 'to deliver the key to their political conscience to an Italian,' to quote one of their own writers. The Pope rejoined that all he asked was that the faithful in France should subordinate their political convictions to their religious convictions. But the latter would hear nothing of that. As Bismarck said to Monsignor Galimberti, in justification of the alliance between Austria and Italy: self-preservation comes first, Catholicism comes second. French Catholics said — or if they did not say so, they thought it — we are first of all Frenchmen (that is, French Royalists), and then we are Catholics.

Possibly Leo XIII would have succeeded better in persuading French Catholics to follow his course, if he had adopted a different method: if, instead of emphasizing mainly the benefit to the Church of his policy of supporting the Republic, he had emphasized its advantage to France, and thus allied it with a cause peculiarly sacred to all Frenchmen — *la revanche*. He might have addressed to the Catholic clergy, and their flocks as well, the remark which Monsignor Ferrata once addressed to Minister Spuller: 'The Holy See, by bestowing upon the Republican régime a sort of moral consecration, might help it to win the confidence and friendship of a Great Power.'

The influence that Leo's policy of cultivating the Republic had upon the

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conclusion of the alliance between France and Russia is alluded to several times in these *Mémoires*. Ferrata does not speak of this merely on his own authority, or on the authority of Pius, who was won over to his policy. He ascribes the same opinion to the French Ambassador at the Holy See and to the Russian Ambassador at Paris at the time the alliance was made. When we consider the immense importance that this idea of balancing the Dual Alliance against the Triple Alliance had for Leo XIII and his Secretary of State, Rampolla, because of its possible effect on the question of the Papacy's temporal power, we cannot escape the conclusion that the Pope was impelled, by political as well as religious motives, to seek a reconciliation between the Catholics of France and their government, although for obvious reasons he could not emphasize these temporal objects.

Cardinal Cerretti will not be ignorant of this precedent. It may help him materially in dealing with the government of the Republic and with French Catholics. The latter will certainly be more favorable to such a programme than they were in the days of his predecessor. In fact, the basis of the reconciliation between France and the Vatican is now frankly acknowledged.

There are Catholics, and even members of the clergy, who are free to confess that the present arrangement redounds more to the advantage of the French government than to the advantage of the Holy See.

President Millerand was equally explicit in his official address of welcome to the new nuncio. He found himself obliged to make an apology for the Act of Separation, enforced by the Republic alone at the cost of a violent rupture with Rome. What would the spirit of Pius X have said, had it been privileged to make a few remarks on this occasion? Millerand emphasized community of interest between France and the Church as the substantial reason for their restored relations.

To-day French Catholics can endorse and support this reconciliation between the Holy See and their government, without subordinating politics to religion as Leo XIII urged. In fact, patriotism now bids them reverse their former attitude. For this reason we may expect them on this occasion to be more obedient and tractable.

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# RUSSIAN FAMINES: A COMPARISON

*[We print below a graphic picture by Tolstoy of the initial stages of the great Russian famine in 1891, and immediately thereafter recent accounts from the Moscow* Pravda *and* Isvestiya *of the present famine in the same region.]*

## In 1891

I have just visited four counties affected by crop failure. The first was Krapivensky County, the most fertile portions of which were hit the hardest.

The first indication of scarcity is the fact that practically the whole population is using bread made of flour mixed with *lebeda* — a weed-grass, sometimes used as food when people are starving. The proportion of the two ingredients runs from one-third of *lebeda* to half again as much. The bread made out of the mixture is black as ink, heavy, and bitter. This bread is eaten by all, even by those who are ill; by children, by pregnant women.

There is also a shortage of fuel. As early as September the peasants hereabouts had nothing to burn. They go long distances for wood, seven and even nineteen versts.

It is evident that conditions are very bad; and yet, when you look at the people, you wonder at their apparent health. They are all at work. Landowners told me they could not get enough help. I visited a village in this country where they were digging potatoes and threshing oats. I also noticed that the use of *lebeda* bread was not altogether due to starvation.

At the first home where I was shown *lebeda* bread, I saw a thresher at work on oats, of which that family had about sixty stacks, each worth about three hundred rubles. They were short of rye, but they had a good crop of potatoes. The reason why they were eating *lebeda* bread was because the head of the family, a thrifty old peasant, thought it wise economy. 'Others are eating *lebeda* bread,' he said to me; 'why should n't my people eat it, too?'

As I continued my journey into Bogoroditsky County, conditions became worse. I found less and less food and more of the desperately situated peasant households. On the very boundary of Efremovsky County, even the potato crop has failed. The best land has returned scarcely more than just the seed. The bread almost everywhere is mixed with *lebeda*. And it is even poorer than in the previous county; it nauseates you if you try to eat it without anything else.

But even these villages are not the worst. Still more desperate is the situation in Efremovsky and Epifansky counties. I have visited a large village in Efremovsky County. Of its seventy households, only ten are still living on their own supplies. Half of the other houses are empty: their former occupants are out begging. Those who have remained eat *lebeda* bread, or else bread mixed with bran. A woman told me how her little girl became sick after she ate *lebeda* bread; but there was no other to give her.

We stopped at the last house in the village, and a ragged, emaciated woman came out of the door and told us of her situation. Of her five children, the oldest is ten. Two of her children are sick, with the influenza, most probably. A three-year child is also ill; she had brought him out and laid him on the bare ground, with just some rags thrown over him. The child is uncomfortable and the ground he lies on is damp, but still it is better than to leave



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him in the tiny hut with the other four children. The woman's husband had gone away to get food and had dropped out of sight. Now she feeds herself and her children with the crusts she gets as charity. But even that is not such an easy matter. The neighborhood is very poor. She has to go twenty and thirty versts to beg, and then she has to take the children with her. She goes from place to place until she gets enough crusts to last her and her family for a day or two. Then she stays home with the children, until the supplies begin to give out. When I stopped at her hut, she had enough crusts to last her for another day at the most.

There are many villages like the one I have just described. But there are some that are even worse.

Here is one of them. We traveled for about six versts through deserted country before we came to the first hut of this village. It is situated on the banks of a large and beautiful river, on the other side of which is a larger village. The first hut to which I came consisted merely of four stone walls smeared with clay and covered over by old boards, upon which dried potato stalks are piled. There is no yard. In front of the hut stands a wagon without wheels. Next to the wagon is a little clearing, on which the whole oat-crop has just been threshed. A tall peasant with a shovel in his hands scoops the oats into a sieve, from which they fall into a basket. A woman of fifty or more carries the baskets of oats to the wagon and drops them into it. The peasant is a relative of the woman, who is a widow, and has come to help her with her work. Her husband died two years ago, and her son is away in the army. Her whole crop for the year consists of the oats, of which there are just about enough to fill the wagon. Nothing else was planted. The *lebeda* bread the woman had baked was so bad that it could not be used. So now she goes to a neighboring village and collects crusts and pieces of bread. That morning she had gone to a village in which there had been some celebration or other, and got together four or five pounds of bread baked without any *lebeda*. She showed me the basket that contained these pieces of dry and mud-covered crusts — all the food-resources of the family for an indefinite time to come.

The next hut has a better roof and a small yard. Its occupants had gathered a small crop of rye. A bagful of *lebeda* stood in the entrance-room as we came in. There were no oats, for there had been no seed that spring. A small crop of potatoes had been gathered. The available resources, counting potatoes and rye-*lebeda* bread would last for possibly a month. What would come after that nobody knew. There was a family of six in that hut.

The whole village of thirty households is in this situation, with the exception of two households which are somewhat better off.

Before I left the village, I stopped to talk to a peasant who had just returned from a field. Soon a half-dozen peasants gathered around, and we had a general conversation. Several women were standing at a distance, listening to us. Children, chewing black, sticky *lebeda* bread, moved about us, gazing at me in curiosity. I put some questions to them, and they told me of their poverty.

'How is it that you are in such bad shape, worse than others?' I asked them.

There was an instant chorus of replies:—

'What are you going to do? Last summer half of the village burned, as if a cow had licked off the earth. And this summer, there are no crops. And it's getting worse all the time.'

'But what are you going to do?'

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'Just as God wills. We'll sell what we can, and then just live.'

What does this mean? Is it possible that these people do not understand their own condition? Or do they trust so much to help from the outside, that they will not make a move to help themselves?

I recall meeting two elderly peasants from Efremovsky County, who, in answer to my question about their crops, replied that they were not badly off, because they had received enough for seed and some for food. But it is perfectly apparent that these peasants will not be able to live through the coming winter, unless they do something to help themselves. The question is, are they going to do anything? Scarcely one of them seems to understand the situation. Is it that they really cannot grasp their real plight? Or do they put all their trust in outside assistance? Or are they like children who have fallen through a hole in the ice, and are merely laughing over the novelty of the situation, not realizing yet the danger that threatens them?

## In 1921

At the station of Aktubinskaya I saw an old man pick up from the ground a piece of hardened mud and eat it.

All along the fifteen hundred versts of railroad lines from the Volga basin, through the Kirgiz Republic and across Turkestan, hundreds of thousands of such old men, as well as women, children, and even able-bodied men, move on in a sort of elemental way.

They do not beg for bread. They now beg only for 'any good-for-nothing' dried-up piece of crust. Without any complaint, they move on to the limitless land, in which there are people, bread, and compassion. Their heavy, self-centred silence is broken only by words of entreaty.

Another scene comes to me, another page from the book of sorrow that tells the story of the past few years. It was in the autumn of 1916. As I was approaching the Polessye districts in Western Russia, I saw all along the railroad tracks endless rows of crosses. They marked the graves of the refugees, who swept into the interior of Russia like a wave — a constantly decreasing wave, that left in its wake the mournful rows of crosses. These crosses stood like a second line of sheds protecting the railway against the drifting snow. And neither the resources of the country, which were tremendous in comparison with what they are now, nor the then existing mighty organizations for relief, could save the masses of refugees who fled from the scourge of war.

Who can even imagine the number of people already perishing from starvation and cholera along the railroad lines alone, considering our present impoverishment, which is fearful beyond description, but which is nevertheless understood, even by the starving peasantry? And it is because they understood this, that the peasants do not complain, but merely beg, pray for help.

A peasant in the government of Samara told me of how they make *lebeda* bread. Here is the story.

> In our village they take some linden leaves and grass, chop them up to the size of a flea, and then boil the mixture. After the water has boiled, they squeeze it out and put the stuff again into boiling water. Then they let the water run off through a sieve, and keep the mass until it is dry. After that, they grind it fine and add one third flour. The bread you get is green in color and indigestible. And when there is no flour, they just bake the ground mixture as it is. It does not taste very badly; but after a man eats it for a while he swells up and gets worms in his stomach, and soon after that he dies.

It is necessary to make every effort to put a stop to this unorganized exo-

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dus of peasants from the Volga region. Otherwise three-fourths of the refugees will perish, and many of the settled population of the districts through which they move may also fall a prey to epidemics. The extraordinary difficulty of controlling this exodus makes almost impossible any help by the state or by relief organizations. It would be necessary to keep large stocks of food-supplies over a huge territory to take care of the refugees as they appear. And we neither have, nor can possibly have, such stores at the present time.

Kazan, the largest industrial centre of the Volga region, lies in ruins as if it had been in the zone of heavy fighting only a few days ago. Scorched by the burning sun, filthy, dusty, with torn streets and dilapidated houses, almost depopulated, it presents a painful appearance. Nowhere are there indications of reconstruction. Even the central part of the city remains untouched.

From early last spring, the weather in this part of Russia was hot and dry with the exception of three rainy days — May 4, 9, and 18. All hope of a tolerable crop soon vanished. By July even the winter crops had been utterly destroyed, while land sowed in the spring was so scorched that it was black in many places.

Most of the people throughout this district have already consumed the last remnants of the food they had in reserve. Even young children are already being fed on bark, acorns, and grass. Thirty or forty pounds of acorn flour cost 80,000 to 100,000 rubles. Poor peasants, and even some of those better off, are selling their cattle, nailing up their cabins, and piling all their belongings on wagons, starting out aimlessly in search of food. Hundreds of such travelers are camping on the banks of the Volga, apparently waiting for a steamer to come along and pick them up. They are rapidly falling a prey to various diseases, or dying of starvation.

At the railroad station of Novo-Sergeyevskaya some 800 miles from Moscow, we met 1500 workmen from the city of Orekhov-Zuyev on their way to purchase food-supplies at Tashkent, the capital of Turkestan. They were thoroughly discouraged, although they were but half-way to their destination.

Traveling conditions are abominable. They have been detained for long periods at wayside stations without any conveniences, even an opportunity to procure hot water. Food costs so much along the line, that the goods they had brought to barter at Tashkent were already leaking away.

Ordinarily the journey from Orekhov-Zuyev to Novo-Sergeyevskaya takes two days; but these workmen had been eleven days en route. Already they had been obliged to barter away nearly half of the merchandise they had with them for food. It will take eleven and possibly sixteen days before they reach Tashkent, and after that they will have their long, painful journey home to their starving families, possibly empty-handed.

As illustrating the variations in prices at different places, at the Novo-Sergeyevsk coöperative, a pood of flour exchanges for twenty-four arshin of cotton cloth; while in Tashkent a pood of flour may be had for six arshin of cloth, though the price of the former may rise with the crowding-in of buyers from the famine areas. Again at the neighboring Aulietin and Chimkent districts, a pood of flour may be bought for two and a half arshin of cotton cloth. However, this variation of prices is not known to the peasants and workingmen who are abroad hunting for food. They flock to the large centres, where they are sure to

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receive the lowest price in provisions for the merchandise they have to exchange.

From the city of Orekhov-Zuyev alone, no less than nine parties, containing in all 13,500 workers, have gone forth in search of food. They will lose, at a moderate calculation, 567,000 working-days, while at best they are not likely to bring back provisions to support them more than three months, and that most inadequately.

# ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. III

## BY BARON GAIFFIER D'HESTROY

*[The following article by a distinguished Belgian diplomat, who was political director of the Belgian Foreign Office in 1914, continues the descriptions of incidents in European capitals attending the outbreak of the war, of which we published installments in our issues of August 6 and August 13.]*

From *La Revue de France, September 1*
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

LIKE my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, I was away on vacation during the last week of July, 1914. That is sufficient to show the extent to which Germany and Austria had succeeded in lulling our suspicions. I was sojourning in the Engadine with my family, at a quiet remote point, where we were practically cut off from news. The Swiss hotel proprietors, anxious to keep their guests as long as possible, bulletined scarcely a telegram. Three days after Austria delivered its ultimatum to Serbia, I telegraphed to Brussels for instructions. I received a reply on Tuesday evening, the 28th of July, from our Minister of Foreign Affairs, instructing me to return at once, and I left on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th.

At Pontresina, homeward-bound Germans and Austrians fairly stormed the train. By the merest accident I met M. Solvay, our great manufacturer, who was returning to Belgium and courteously offered me accommodations in his private car. At Basel he asked me to dine with him at the Hotel Euler, where he had invited several German manufacturers to meet him. The latter affected to scoff at the possibility of war, and did their best to convince us of Germany's peaceable intentions.

That night, when we passed through Strassburg, I observed several trains packed with soldiers in the railway yards. All bridges and tunnels in the vicinity of Metz were under military guard. At Arlon we found the first Belgian reservists hastening to join their regiments. In fact my government had decided the previous evening to put the country in a state of defense.

Immediately upon arriving at Brussels, on the morning of July 30, I hastened to the Foreign Office for news. The dispatches from Berlin from our Minister, my old friend Baron Beyens,



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left no doubt as to the gravity of the crisis. Germany's desire for war was obvious in all her replies, denials, and silences. That country was resisting passively every effort of England, France, and Russia to prevent a conflict. That was evident. I telegraphed my wife, who had remained in Switzerland, to rejoin me at once with the children.

We instructed all our foreign representatives as to the military precautions we had taken, and also as to England's measures at Paris and Berlin to make sure that our neutrality would be respected. Germany's evasive replies were already causing us concern. Our disquietude was increased by alarming rumors which reached us through Holland. Up to Thursday, July 30, the Dutch government fancied that Germany might attack through Limburg and Northern Brabant, and was disposed to confer with us upon joint measures of defense. On July 31, the Dutch Minister at Berlin received formal assurance from Germany that Holland's territories would not be violated. Thereupon, her government suddenly reversed its attitude, and we made no further progress in that direction.

That day, M. Klobukovski, Minister of France to Belgium, brought us the following formal declaration: —

I assure you that French troops will not invade Belgium, even though we may mass heavy forces along the frontier of your country. France will not incur responsibility for the first hostile act against Belgium. Instructions to this effect have been issued by the French Government.

A few hours later the British Minister delivered an equally important declaration to us: 'England assumes that Belgium will do everything possible to enforce her neutrality.'

The Minister of Foreign Affairs replied: 'We shall make every effort to do that, and our army, which has been strengthened considerably as a consequence of its recent reorganization, is prepared to repel with vigor any violation of our territory.'

On the following day, August 1, another communication was received from the French Government: —

I am authorized to inform you that in case of war, the Government of the Republic will respect the neutrality of Belgium, as it has consistently promised. In case that neutrality should not be respected by another Power, the French Government may be compelled to modify its attitude in order to guarantee its own safety.

We at once transmitted this important declaration to our representatives abroad. The Minister of Foreign Affairs communicated it to the German Minister at Brussels. The latter thanked him, saying: 'Up to the present I have not been instructed to make an official communication to you. But you know my personal opinion: that Belgium need have no fear from its neighbors on the east.'

Thereupon, our Minister of Foreign Affairs observed: 'What we know of the intentions of our eastern neighbors, based on many previous conversations, does not permit us to doubt their attitude toward Belgium. But it would be most gratifying to us to receive a formal declaration to that effect, which our nation would welcome with joy.'

During the 30th and 31st of July, provincial governors and local and municipal officials received full instructions to guide them in case of a general mobilization. Proclamations were drafted informing the people of the rights and duties of belligerents in case of a foreign occupation. The text of the existing treaties and the rules of international law were quoted. A few weeks later the Germans were teaching our people a new version of the law of nations.

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On the evening of July 31 a general mobilization was ordered.

Sunday, August 2, I learned, while on my way to the office, that the neutrality of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg had been violated. I was deeply disturbed. The likelihood that German troops would attempt to march through Belgium was thereby increased. At nine o'clock that morning, the British Minister came to inquire whether the Germans had not already violated Belgian territory. He said to me: 'They know at London that the territory of Luxemburg has been violated; but though Great Britain is one of the guarantors of that neutrality, the incident is not important enough to obligate our government to intervene by force of arms. It would be very different were the Germans to violate the neutrality of Belgium.'

Late that morning I entered the office of my chief, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to discuss the situation, which seemed to both of us very gloomy. He remarked: 'Let us go to church and pray for our unhappy country. It has never needed our prayers more.'

At one o'clock P.M., the German Minister called. He was far from being the fierce personage that some have painted him. He was merely a Prussian functionary, absolutely obedient to his superiors, devoid of initiative, doing nothing on his own responsibility. I know that he regretted having to deliver the humiliating orders of his government. He came to have a friendly conversation with me, he said, concerning the situation of German residents in Belgium, who had been hastily ordered back to their country by the mobilization. He wanted to facilitate their return by our overcrowded railways. Could we not receive German reservists on board our third-class cars in excess of the legal limit?

I replied that I should be obliged to refer him to our railway authorities. But, of course, if we granted that favor to Germans, we should have to extend it also to French reservists.

I had known M. von Below, the German Minister, for many years. We had formerly been stationed in Peking at the same time. I noted that he was very nervous and excited, and could not avoid referring to it. He attributed his nervousness to the heat, which was excessive that day, and also to his having walked up a staircase of some forty steps. That explanation did not satisfy me, and I tried to push my inquiries further. I might have discovered something, had not one of my colleagues just then entered the office and terminated our conversation.

Belgium had no spy service. We knew absolutely nothing of what was occurring across the German boundary. In fact, up to the morning of August 2 nothing unusual was observed along the frontier. In order to prevent our taking alarm, the Germans completed their concentration east of the Rhine. No large bodies of troops had approached our boundary.

At three P.M., on August 2, our vice-consul at Cologne entered my office in great agitation. He exclaimed: 'Ever since six o'clock this morning, trains loaded with soldiers have passed through Cologne every three or four minutes; they are not going southwest, toward France, but in the direction of Aix-la-Chapelle, toward Belgium.'

It was no longer possible to doubt what was happening. I took the gentleman at once to our chief of staff, where his information caused a painful impression. However, it did not compel us to modify the measures we had already taken to defend our neutrality. Until Germany made some formal declaration, we could not go further.

All was quiet in the city. The streets and parks and cafés were thronged with

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the usual Sunday crowd. I know that there was not a person among them who suspected in the slightest what was about to befall. The people had implicit confidence in our treaties.

When our Belgian soldiers were mobilized, they merely looked forward to a period of easy, ordinary guard duty on the frontier. That day the German Minister gave an interview to *Le Soir*, again assuring the people of Germany's friendship. He summarized his statement in this phrase: 'It may be that the conflagration will extend to your neighbor's house; but your own house will be spared.'

The same evening, Captain Brinkmann, the German military attaché, begged the *XX^e Siècle* to deny categorically the report that his country had declared war against France, and even, he added, against Russia. He denied at the same time that German troops had occupied Luxemburg. As a result of this interview, several of the evening papers published exceedingly reassuring statements.

However, just before seven P.M., the German Minister telephoned, asking an immediate audience with our Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was invited to call at once. By seven o'clock he appeared. He entered the minister's house and delivered to him, by order, his government's ultimatum, which was in the German language. As our Foreign Minister, M. Davignon, did not know that language, he informed him of the general tenor of the note.

My colleague, M. de Bassompierre, and I, waited with extreme anxiety and emotion for M. von Below to leave. We felt instinctively that this was a decisive interview. Scarcely had his tall form disappeared through the door than we hastened to our chief. We found him sitting stunned in his chair. He exclaimed: 'It's horrible, it's frightful. It's the worst thing that could have happened.' He handed us the paper. I took it at once. At the top were two French words, indelibly engraved on my memory: *Très confidentiel.*

M. Bassompierre sat down at the minister's desk, and I dictated to him phrase by phrase the translation. This translation was not revised prior to its publication in our *Gray Book*, which explains why it contains some slight inaccuracies.

M. de Broqueville, the Premier, whom M. Davignon had at once notified, entered the moment we completed the translation. M. Bassompierre read the note in French, and we comprehended for the first time all the cynicism and the infamy that the document expressed.

It said: 'The German government has received positive information to the effect that the French armies intend to cross the Meuse at Givet and Namur. . . . The safety of Germany makes it the imperative duty of her government to anticipate this attack of the enemy.' After this short preamble followed the government's declaration and threats. No other reason for Germany's action was stated than this miserable pretext, which would not stand a moment's scrutiny.

What was the source of all this authoritative information of an alleged advance of the French army across Belgium? Upon what circumstantial evidence was it based? It was contradicted by the repeated assurances of France, whose government was vitally interested in not irritating England, and in respecting the neutrality of Belgium.

The German diplomats did not even take the trouble to find a plausible justification. On the morning of August 3 they tried precisely the same thing with France. Their declaration of war was founded upon a pretext as ridiculous as it was false: the fable that French airplanes had bombed Nuremberg.

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The truth is that German diplomats were but unhappy instruments in the hands of their General Staff, which issued orders to them and even drafted their notes. If they had been given a free hand they would have managed things more adroitly. But the German General Staff simply did not care. It believed that it was strong enough to do what it willed, and disregarded what it considered trifles. We know from Kautsky's book what actually happened. It is a curious and significant story.

On July 29, that is four days previously, the German Foreign Office received the ultimatum to Belgium in the personal handwriting of von Moltke, the Chief of the General Staff, under date of July 26. All that the Imperial Chancellor and the Foreign Minister did was to make a few immaterial emendations. As Kautsky remarks contemptuously: 'Those gentlemen confined themselves to the noble function of letter-carrying.' Moltke, true to the Prussian military type, ended the note with this clear-cut phrase: 'A definite answer must be given within twenty-four hours; otherwise, hostilities will begin immediately.' That conclusion seemed too blunt to von Jagow. He erased it, and substituted a milder phrase.

That very day von Jagow sent it in a sealed envelope to the German Minister at Brussels, ordering him not to open it until he received telegraphic instructions. Those instructions were dispatched on August 2. When M. von Below called upon me Sunday afternoon, he already knew the contents of the ultimatum, which he was ordered to deliver to us at precisely seven P.M. that night. This was the true explanation of his nervousness and obvious emotion during his prior visit. But he was not to show his hand until seven P.M. In order to leave us as little time as possible for reflection, the term of the ultimatum was reduced from twenty-four hours to twelve; in other words, our reply was due at seven o'clock Monday morning.

Another change, very important but not sufficiently remarked, was made in the note. The original draft sent to Brussels from Berlin on July 29 contained the following phrase: —

> If Belgium will consent to maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality toward Germany in the war which is now imminent, the German Government agrees, on its part, not only to guarantee the Kingdom of Belgium all its present possessions at the conclusion of peace, but to give the most favorable consideration to such claims as Belgium may make for territorial compensation at the cost of France.

So both the civil and military authorities at Berlin originally contemplated suggesting a base bargain to Belgium. If my country would become an accomplice in the hold-up that was being plotted, she was to receive part of the loot obtained from the victim she was to stab in the back.

Doubtless, the gentlemen of the German Foreign Office decided, on maturer reflection, that this was a little too raw; so they telegraphed to their representatives at Brussels to eliminate the phrase in question. They also telegraphed their minister this interesting advice: 'The Government there must be kept under the impression that you have received none of these instructions until to-day.'

It was late Sunday afternoon, following a glorious summer day. The whole population of Brussels was abroad in the streets and parks. Parties of singing men and women were returning, flower-laden, from country excursions. What a contrast between their innocent happiness and unconcern, and the agony which strangled our hearts!

At eight o'clock M. de Broqueville left the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to

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notify the King. It was decided to summon a cabinet meeting at the Palace that same evening. Some of our ministers were absent. They were in the country, attending public ceremonies and delivering speeches. Dispatches and telephone messages were sent in every direction. All who were able to reach the city were summoned at once. They arrived by train and automobile in the course of the evening. The cabinet meeting began about nine o'clock P.M. All the regular ministers and the assistant secretaries took part. As you know, there was not a moment's hesitation, not a word of debate, as to the reply to be given Germany. There was instantaneous unanimity. One of the under-secretaries merely recited the effect of a different decision, to emphasize how impossible it was. No one of the members present had the slightest illusion as to the consequence of this reply. They knew it involved war with all of its horror, and probably foreign occupation as well. But let me repeat: they did not waver a moment in their decision.

It was nearly midnight before the cabinet meeting closed. Several ministers came to the Foreign Office to draft the reply to Germany. I was so certain what that answer would be that I had employed the interval making a preliminary draft. This was used as a basis. Not one of us had eaten any dinner. We began to feel hungry, and divided among our party a few of those long loaves of bread which in Belgium we call *pistolets*.

It was easy enough to draft our reply. We merely had to put our feelings into words. We knew that we should thus record the sentiment of the entire nation, which was fully awake to the rights and duties which neutrality imposed upon it.

While we were drafting the document a significant incident occurred. The German Minister called twice at the Foreign Office. The first time was about half-past one in the morning. He asked to see the Secretary-General, Baron Van den Helst, and reported to him:—

'I am instructed by my government to inform you that French dirigibles have dropped bombs in Germany, and that a French cavalry patrol has crossed our frontier, thus violating the laws of nations, since war has not yet been declared.'

'But where did these incidents occur?' asked the Secretary-General.

'In Germany,' replied M. von Below.

'In this case, I cannot understand why you make this communication to us. It is a matter between yourselves and the French, which does not concern the Belgians.'

M. von Below, obviously much confused, began a confused explanation. He said that these acts, in defiance of the law of nations, created the supposition that France would commit other acts of the same kind. In reality, all this was mere pretense and lies. The German Minister's real purpose was to fish for some indication from the expression of our countenances, or from some chance remark, of the nature of our reply.

The latter was ready about two A.M. It was taken to the Palace and ratified by the full cabinet, the King presiding.

A little later, M. Klobukovski, the French Minister, telephoned us. He informed us that a German dirigible had been discovered on its way to Brussels. The presence of that dirigible was subsequently confirmed by a large number of witnesses. Probably it was in communication with the German Legation, which had its own wireless apparatus. I was commissioned by the cabinet to deliver the reply of the Belgian government at the hour set, seven o'clock A.M. I returned home, and since there were no cabs abroad, I

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had to walk; it was quite a distance. When I arrived, I took a bath and dressed for the occasion.

Seven A.M. was striking when I presented myself at the Germany Embassy. The Minister received me in his office. He was very pale and could scarcely control his emotion. I entered, bowed slightly, without shaking hands. I handed him our note, merely saying: 'Here is the reply of the Belgian Government.'

He read it rapidly; his face contracted. Then he asked: 'Have you any comment to add?' I shook my head and left. The interview did not last more than three minutes.

Captain Brinkmann, the military attaché, was waiting in the courtyard in a high-powered automobile; the motor was going. I had hardly taken a dozen steps before it shot away in the direction of Aix-la-Chapelle. We learned later that the German General Staff, which was managing the whole affair, had ordered the Minister to send it direct information by automobile the moment he telegraphed our reply to Berlin. The messenger was to report to General von Emmich, at the Union Hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle. This general commanded the forces ordered to capture Liége by a surprise attack. The moment he received this message, a few hours later, he put his troops in motion. Captain Brinkmann was also the first man to cross our frontier the next morning — Wednesday — carrying a white flag. He presented himself to the Governor of Liége, demanding that the place be surrendered.

I went directly from Belliard Street, where the German Legation was situated, to the Foreign Office on *Rue de la Loi*. Newsboys were already calling an extra edition of *L'Étoile Belge*, reporting the ultimatum. Few people were abroad at this early hour. Most of our citizens did not learn the terrible news until later, between eight and nine o'clock.

I hastened next to the French Legation, believing it my duty to inform M. Klobukovski, the Minister, of what had occurred. He had not retired during the whole night. I found him in the company of his military attaché and a correspondent of the Havas Agency, and communicated to him the text of the ultimatum and of our reply. The Havas correspondent wrote out on the spot, under my own eyes, an accurate and complete summary of both documents. His telegram was sent from Paris to London, where it arrived about ten o'clock in the morning. It produced, as we know from abundant testimony, a tremendous sensation. It rallied the whole British nation, which had hitherto been passive, to the support of Belgium.

The Premier lived only a few steps from the French Legation. I informed him of my visit to M. Klobukovski, and said that I was preparing to notify similarly the ministers of England and of Russia. Although he had been up all night, M. de Broqueville was perfectly composed and calm. He tranquilly dictated orders to his subordinates while waiting for the cabinet to meet. It had been summoned to assemble at ten o'clock. The perfect tranquillity of this gentleman, on whose shoulders rested such a crushing burden, seemed to me of splendid augury, and gave me much comfort. By the time I left his office, the *Rue de la Loi* was already black with people excitedly discussing what had happened. But there was not a discordant voice. The first flags began to appear at the windows.

Germany's ultimatum had been a conditional declaration of war. We had rejected the condition, and therefore were really at war with Germany after three o'clock A.M., on August 3. We had the right to intern every German

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reservist still remaining in our country, and there were many of them. Unhappily we did not act. They all were given time to get across the border — a mistake which France likewise committed. This assault upon the plain rights of Belgium seemed so unjust, so brutally impossible, that many of our people still insisted that it was only bluff. They said: 'Those people will not dare to use force. It will set the whole world against them.'

But such men did not know the Germans. What folly to imagine that they would not carry the thing through after the attitude they had already taken!

At six o'clock A.M., on Tuesday, August 4, the Minister of Germany delivered the following message from his government: 'Since Belgium has rejected Germany's proposal, the latter country will use force to cross your territory.'

Four hours later the German troops, under General von Emmich, invaded our country. War had begun.

## DR. JOHNSON'S REPUTATION

From *The London Times, Literary Supplement, September* 1
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

THE history of Johnson's reputation is accurately reflected in his bibliography. In his lifetime, when once the Dictionary had secured his fame, his books were in steady though never in great demand. Of the *Rambler* some eleven editions were printed between 1752 and 1784. There were seven lifetime editions of *Rasselas*. The *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, completed in 1781, were reprinted in the same year, and again in 1783. When Johnson died, the booksellers combined to produce a collected edition, and this was published in eleven volumes in 1787. The editor was Sir John Hawkins, who prefixed to the collection a lengthy *Life* of his friend, which is now seldom read, though it has been used as a quarry by later builders.

Hawkins's edition was incomplete; and two booksellers, not members of the original group, made haste to supplement it by printing the *Parliamentary Debates*, the translation of Lobo, and a number of miscellaneous pieces: in all, four volumes, which were offered to 'those Gentlemen who intend to complete Dr. Johnson's Works.' About the same time George Strahan published *Prayers and Meditations composed by Samuel Johnson;* the Rev. Samuel Hayes, Usher of Westminster School, published *Sermons on Different Subjects, left for publication by John Taylor, LL.D. . . . to which is added a Sermon written by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., for the Funeral of his Wife* — a juxtaposition intended to point the ambiguity of *left for publication*. Mrs. Piozzi published *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, and other letters appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The *Poems* also were separately collected.

The demand of which these publications are proof was not quickly satisfied. The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., continued to be printed at frequent intervals for nearly forty years. Haw-

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kins's *Life*, indeed, and his arrangement of the *Works* did not commend themselves; an *Essay* by Arthur Murphy replaced the *Life*, and the edition of 1792, in twelve volumes, to which it was prefixed, became the standard. It was reissued, with occasional corrections and amplifications, in 1796, 1801, 1810, 1816, 1823, 1824. Another edition was printed in ten volumes in 1818; and in 1825 appeared no fewer than four editions: Talboy's edition, still called the best, in nine volumes; Lynam's in six; another in two; and an edition printed at Philadelphia. Upon this *crescendo* the curtain falls. The *Works* have not been printed since, save in the comprehensive collection of Bohn, and more recently by an enterprising book company of Troy, New York. And indeed there is no necessity; for there are many more copies in the second-hand shops than there are patrons of literature willing to spare Johnson two feet of shelf-room.

The bibliography of Johnson's life and talk tells a different story. The publication of his oral wit and wisdom began in his lifetime, with the appearance in 1766 of *Johnsoniana; or, a Collection of Bon Mots, &c. By Dr. Johnson, and Others.* A great part of this very ordinary jest-book is not Johnson; the choice of title is, however, significant. The book was reprinted, with additions, in the following year. Johnson called it 'a mighty impudent thing'; and in anticipation of the theme of this article, shook his head over its popularity. Being told it had sold very well, 'Yet the *Journey to the Hebrides*,' said he, 'has not had a great sale.'

Boswell is often credited with having wished to publish his Journal of the Hebridean Tour when Johnson published his own *Journey*, in 1775; but the evidence for this seems to be slender. If he had such aspirations, Johnson deterred him. Beyond the 'impudent' *Johnsoniana*, there seems to have been no further revelation of the philosopher at his ease, until death removed the barriers of decency and let loose a stream of anecdote. The magazines of 1785 and 1786 are full of reminiscences. Sir John Hawkins was appointed official biographer — not a happy choice. But before his ponderous volume could appear rivals were already in the field. More than one *Life* was hastily put together, at the instance, no doubt, of enterprising booksellers. Boswell had only to prepare his *Journal* for the press — an earnest of the greater work, for which he now announced that he had 'been collecting materials for more than twenty years, during which he was honored with the intimate friendship of Dr. Johnson.' Mrs. Piozzi had only to consult a retentive memory to produce the entertaining *Anecdotes*, which were for some years the most popular of the *Johnsoniana*.

Boswell's *Life* was not published until 1791. It immediately assumed the place which it still holds. It displaced all its rivals and forerunners — except Boswell's own *Journal*, which is indeed an integral part of it — and they are now read, if they are read, as supplement and commentary to Boswell. The author lived to produce a second edition and to make collections for a third; and when he died, Edmond Malone — who had taken a hand from the first — assumed the office of editing 'one of the most instructive and entertaining works in the English language.' Malone produced four editions, and the work was gradually enriched by the insertion of fresh documents and of notes by various hands. This process was carried further by Croker, who in his notorious edition intercalated the *Tour* in its chronological place, — a liberty which Macaulay with justice condemned, — and added a wealth of illustrative mat-

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ter. Croker also collected from contemporary memoirs and other sources the extensive supplement of *Johnsoniana*, long afterward edited and expanded by Birkbeck Hill as *Johnsonian Miscellanies*. Modern scholarship has gone behind Croker, and even behind Malone; the text of most modern editions follows the third, and contains hardly anything which Boswell did not himself include. But in one form or another the *Life* has always been in print and in demand; and we may say of Boswell what Johnson said of Shakespeare, and Boswell of Johnson, that he 'may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient.'

Contemporary criticism of Johnson is for the most part anonymous, scurrilous, and nugatory. It was the work of obscure scribblers, inspired by political animus, or Scottish prejudice, or the desire to stand well with some of those great persons whom Johnson had offended. Of these effusions perhaps the least forgotten is *Lexiphanes, a Dialogue. Imitated from Lucian, and suited to the present Times. Being an Attempt to restore the English Tongue to its ancient Purity, and to correct, as well as expose, the affected style, hard Words, and absurd Phraseology of many late Writers, and particularly of our English Lexiphanes, the Rambler.* The writer was one Campbell, 'a purser of a man-of-war, who, as well for the malignancy of his heart as his terrific countenance, was called horrible Campbell.' The censorious purser, during a long voyage, had found himself alone with the *Ramblers*, as Stevenson's hero afterwards found himself alone with the *Athenæum;* and having been 'in a manner obliged to read them,' sought his revenge. He is careful not to commit himself to any attack on the sentiments of the *Rambler;* he keeps his guns trained on verbal targets.

The faults he finds are two — the use of hard words and the affectation of 'triplets.' The first charge does not come to very much; the parodies of Campbell and the rest are so exaggerated as to be scarcely amusing. 'At his approximation it started like a guilty thing, and ran vagissating along the champain, as if it had been the youthful masculine offspring of a tauro-vaccineal conjunction,' reminds no one of the *Rambler* except by prearrangement. In fact, Johnson's excessive use of *rare* words — the abuse of 'big words' is another matter — is only an occasional blemish, even of his most formal prose.

The second charge is more interesting; for it was very generally preferred and seems to have been forgotten. Modern critics, when they speak of antithetical prose, have in mind the style which Cicero learned from Gorgias and Isocrates, and with which his influence has infected the rhetoric of centuries. Johnson is often, and with justice, accused of excessive indulgence in this kind of symmetry, which balances thoughts and phrases in two equiponderant scales. But the complaint of his contemporaries is directed, not against contrasted pairs, but against what they call triplets or triads. 'I told him, I say, that he should not with impunity derogate from my dictatorial importance, remuneratory honors, and accumulation of preparatory knowledge, with the pertness of puerility, the levity of contempt, and the derision of ridicule.' This is *Lexiphanes*. 'I have labored to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations.' That is the *Rambler*. The trick, though characteristic, is not in fact distressingly frequent. Yet the charge was made by Horace Walpole — 'triple tautology' — and by Vicesimus Knox — 'the constant recurrence of sentences in the form of what have been

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called triplets is disgusting to all readers.' It was repeated by Whately, and approved by De Quincey.

Criticism of this kind left the monument still standing. Throughout the reign of George the Third, Johnson, alive or dead, wielded despotic authority. Goldsmith sometimes disputed his infallibility. 'Sir,' he told Boswell,' you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republick.' And on another occasion, 'Is he like Burke,' he exclaimed, 'who winds into a subject like a serpent?'

Boswell, who quotes these seditious murmurings, thought them no more than momentary ebullitions of envy. He himself loved to display his hero's fame in every light; and there is no reason to suspect him of suppressing unfavorable judgments. The allegiance of Johnson's contemporaries was, in fact, all but unanimous, and almost without reservation. His death 'made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best: there is nobody — no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson.'

The deposition of the Dictator was in part a phase of the general revolt against the standards of his age. In part, as Sir Walter Raleigh has said, it was due to no less universal a motive than that self-respect which has dethroned other monarchs of thought. Its principal spokesmen were the Romantic critics. These literary Jacobins met, as we know, at Mr. Lamb's house on Thursday evenings, for the making and unmaking of reputations; and there Hazlitt tells us that 'the author of the *Rambler* was only tolerated in Boswell's *Life* of him.' What hard sayings passed at these free-thinking gatherings may readily be collected from the writings of the conspirators. Hazlitt found in Johnson the chief exponent of what he called the artificial or pedantic style, in which 'the words are not fitted to the things, but the things to the words'; which 'destroys all force, expression, truth, and character, by arbitrarily confounding the differences of things and reducing everything to the same insipid standard.' De Quincey repeated the old charge of tautology, — 'certainly Dr. Johnson was the most faulty writer in this kind of inanity that ever has played tricks with language,' — and complained that his ideas, even when 'sufficiently discriminated,' were 'applied to no real corresponding differences' in the object described. Coleridge declared that 'his antitheses are almost always verbal only,' and that 'sentence after sentence in the *Rambler* may be pointed out to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever.' From what seems mere superfluity of naughtiness, he added that 'in his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works.'

For this preposterous judgment Coleridge gives a reason which is significant. Johnson's political pamphlets were superior in sincerity 'for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general. He was more excited and in earnest.' A good reason, if it were true; but we know the contrary to be the truth. Johnson, when he 'talked for victory,' or on some impulse of contradiction, might say anything; in his writings he always told the truth, and he seldom contemplated truth without emotion. But a reason for the perversion is easily found: Coleridge and his friends were anxious to find good reasons for not reading the *Rambler*; they neither wished, nor if they had wished would have dared, to question the value of Boswell's *Life*, by which, as Coleridge said, 'it is impossible not to be amused.' They reconciled this diversity of taste by the doctrine

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that Johnson's talk was better than his writing. They did not, however, claim the credit of this discovery, but were willing to believe that it had been made by Burke. Now Burke regarded Johnson with veneration, and had declared that 'his virtues were equal to his transcendent talents.' The recollection of such tributes perhaps caused Coleridge some uneasiness. He was glad, therefore, to be able to call Burke in evidence, as having (as is elsewhere recorded) 'affirmed that Boswell's *Life* was a greater monument to Johnson's fame than all his writings put together.' But mark the skill with which Coleridge uses this testimony. He discounts Burke's 'testimony to Johnson's powers' by the facile explanation that Burke was a courtier; 'and, after all, Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than writing, *and greater in Boswell than in real life.*'

The Romantics had their way. About the year 1825, as we have seen, the publishers and their public concluded that the *Works* of Johnson were no longer necessary to salvation. The *Life* continued to be printed, edited, and supplemented; and a subsidiary literature began to collect around it, of which Macaulay's *Essay* and *Life*, and Carlyle's *Review* are the most famous examples. The paradoxes and exaggerations of Macaulay have been again and again confuted; but the opposition on which they rest, the opposition of Johnson the talker to Johnson the writer, of Boswell's Johnson to the *Rambler*, is still hardly shaken. We are still invited to admire in the *Life* the rugged good sense and the terse homely English, which it is assumed cannot be found in the *Works;* and to smile at pedantry and formality in Johnson's writings from which his conversation is supposed to have been free.

These assumptions seem to be partial and misleading. In the first place it is forgotten — in spite of Boswell's insistence — that the gravest faults of Johnson's earlier style are hardly to be found in the work of his maturity. His best English is not that of the *Rambler*. Johnson himself is partly responsible for the excessive prominence given to that work in estimating his writings. 'My *Ramblers* are pure wine.' But it should be remembered that for nearly twenty years, during which Johnson enjoyed his pension and his 'throne of felicity,' the *Lives of the Poets* were yet unwritten, and the *Rambler* was still by far the most considerable of his original works. It was natural that he should stake his reputation upon it, and that his critics should single it out for attack. We are free from this necessity; and it is an axiom that a writer should be judged by his best work. Yet we are so hampered by tradition that even Lord Rosebery, who describes the *Lives* as 'destined to an enduring reputation,' feels bound to depreciate their value in consideration of the vices of the *Rambler*, which he never read, and of *Rasselas*, which he read at school.

Again, Boswell's *Life* is more popular than Johnson's works, partly because we all prefer anecdote to criticism, the tavern to the closet; but partly also because it is an anthology. It is actually, in no small degree, an anthology of his writings; and contains sentences which are doubtless read with edification and pleasure, but which, if they were read (or left unread) in the pages of the *Rambler*, might be thought to merit the doom of oblivion.

It is a melancholy consideration that so much of our time is necessarily to be spent upon the care of living, and that we can seldom obtain ease in one respect but by resigning it in another; yet I suppose we are by this dispensation not less happy in the whole than if the spontaneous bounty of Nature poured all that we want into our

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hands. A few, if they were thus left to themselves, would, perhaps, spend their time in laudable pursuits; but the greater part would prey upon the quiet of each other, or, in the want of other objects, would prey upon themselves. (*Life*, under date June 1, 1762.)

The *Life* has many elements which are more than reflections of the hero's personality. It is a dramatic work of rare brilliance, — 'a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for near half a century,' — and it infects every reader with its author's irresistible gayety. In so far, however, as it consists of verbal quotations, it may be considered as an epitome; and this part of it alone can with propriety be contrasted with any other part of Johnson's recorded expression. If we set aside the hypothesis that Boswell has here improved upon his original, a veracious anthology of Johnson could be made by printing the quotations consecutively. What would the result be like?

We suggest that it would bear a surprising resemblance to a wholly distinct anthology that might be culled from the collected works. This alternative selection would not indeed contain 'low words,' or explosions of anger, or sallies of rudeness. If we except such accidents, there is hardly a sentence of any weight in the *Life* that might not be closely paralleled from the published writings.

> The want of human interest is always felt. *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and over-burdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

As a specimen of Johnson's conversation this extract has only one fault — that it is too consecutive even for Johnson when his blood was up. Punctuate it with suitable interruptions, and prefix a 'Sir' or two, and you may fancy yourself in the Mitre Tavern.

To say that Johnson's talk was in an exceptional degree like his writing is to repeat what was once a commonplace. Ozias Humphry declared that 'everything he says is as correct as a second edition.' 'He is a great orator, Sir,' said M'Leod of Ulinish; 'it is musick to hear this man speak.' A man who talks like a book may naturally be expected to talk like his own books; and there is abundant testimony — if it were required — that Johnson did so. Mrs. Thrale thought the *Ramblers* themselves 'expressed in a style so natural to him, and so much like his common mode of conversing,' that she was hardly surprised to learn that they were written in haste and without revision. And Miss Burney, who had been reading the *Life of Cowley*, —

> could not help remarking how very like Dr. Johnson is to his writing; and how much the same thing it was to hear or to read him; but that nobody could tell that without coming to Streatham, for his language was generally imagined to be labored and studied, instead of the mere common flow of his thoughts.

Too much has perhaps been made of the neglect of Johnson's prose, both by those who defend and by those who deplore it. For, after all, how many prose books are there, written before 1800 and not being works of fiction, that have more disinterested readers than the *Life of Pope*? If frequency of printing is a safe test, *Religio Medici* and *Urn-Burial*, a part of the *Spectator* (always the same part), the *Compleat Angler* and the *Natural History of Selborne*, the *Decline and Fall*, Burke on the Revolution, and of course Boswell himself, have some real popularity. But how many, for their mere pleasure or instruction, read the *Tatler*, or the

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*Tale of a Tub*, or the *Citizen of the World*, or Sir Joshua's *Discourses*, or Hume's *History*, or the *Letters of Junius?*

However this may be, there is now among lovers of literature a disposition to believe that Johnson's works are more worth study than we were taught to suppose. We are no longer prepared without misgiving to discard the *Rambler* as merely pompous, and the *Life of Milton* as merely malignant; to dismiss the criticism of Gray as ineptitude, and the preface to Shakespeare as impertinence. Johnson's best books have only to be read, and read without prejudice, for their truth and beauty to become plain to us, as they were plain to Burke and to Scott. Their reception will be facilitated if we can throw off a tradition of false and invidious distinctions. Johnson is one.

# THE LAND OF THE SUN GOD

BY R. AND M. D'HARCOURT

From *L'Illustration*, *July* 30
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

*August* 22. — Night is falling. The train jolts down the valley. One can see nothing save the brilliant ribbon of the river along the railway and, to the right and left, the profile of the mountains silhouetted in sombre brown against a sky of pure gold. Wearied by the long hours of travel, we settle in an uncomfortable corner of our car, and, closing our eyes, we dream of reaching the principal goal of our journey — Cuzco, the capital of the Incas. What memorials of Indian days have been spared to our day by the fanaticism of the Spaniards? From the reports of chroniclers, we build up for ourselves a great Indian city, thickly populated, with square monuments carved in stone at the gates. In the principal square, a procession winds slowly past under the eye of the Inca, clothed in a sumptuous mantle of feathers, with a head-dress coming down to the ears about his stern and noble face.

But all that belongs to the distant past. The other past, the nearer past, that of the Spanish city rebuilt by the *conquistadores* in the sixteenth century, does it still remain intact? To what degree has European culture penetrated to these mountain fastnesses?

The train slackens its pace, the valley grows narrower, and some lights pierce the gloom. We are arriving. It is cold in the station, and few travelers get out. One is struck by the silence, the silence of Indians. People move without bustle; the rush customary in railway stations does not exist in the majestic peace of such an altitude. Scattering rays of light and what remains of the twilight, help us to descry the city at the bottom of the valley. Shall we find waiting us the car for which we telegraphed? Yes, there it is, a poor little vehicle, drawn by mules, a caricature of the ancient tramway of Auteil–Saint-Sulpice. It will take us to

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our lodging, with the other arriving travelers, along a road rising far between high walls of sinister aspect. Stop: this is the hotel. The clerk, a half-breed, emerging slowly, at length shows us to a room on the first floor, which opens on the *patio*, a courtyard after the Spanish style inside the house, already illumined by the moon.

What a long trip from Lima! Two days on the stormy Pacific, then a whole afternoon of railway travel across the deserts of the first foothills of the Andes, a geological chaos, bathed in the delicate nuances of the most beautiful light in the world.

Here, at an altitude of 2000 metres, is the white city of Arequipa, surrounded by its three uneasy guardians, the volcanoes of Chachani, Misti, and Pichu-Pichu. The earth is white, and parched with the drought. The white light strikes the white stones, which the tooth of time has scarcely touched — an insolent light, which burns the eyes and scorches the face.

The number of churches in the city, which even to-day is very Spanish, is impressive to a stranger. The colonial style of their architecture suits exactly the details of the naïve and yet careful ornamentation, clearly executed by the patient hands of local artists, natives or half-breeds. In them one recovers again, in a slight degree, the decorative art of the ancient Peruvian potteries. The cathedral, with its two clocks placed in the long, flat façade, has been reconstructed many times, and one remarks how long these cathedrals can remain standing in the perilous vicinity of El Misti, a perfect cone of 5640 metres, delicately coiffed with a bonnet of lace-like snow, which the season has slightly decreased. No true eruption has ever altered the splendid form of this giant, but he proves his activity by slight shakings of the earth's crust every day, accompanied by dull rumblings, playful little tricks that sometimes send houses and monuments tumbling down. The inhabitants regard it with that detached confidence which one observes in perilous places the world over. Yet if the volcano were really to exert its mighty force some day, what would remain of the villages that nestle at ease about its feet?

An early start the next day for another stage of the journey. This second ascent into the volcanic regions is terrible. Could one find anywhere else more difficult mountains to traverse — desolate regions where there is not a blade of grass? One goes up and up, and always up, until the lofty plateaus that one sees from below give the illusion of the sea. At 3800 metres some of the party begin to feel painful symptoms of the *soroche*, that mountain malady which seems to be worse in the Andes than in other mountains.

In the car the odor of garlic begins to spread, mingled with that of toilet-waters which one sprinkles copiously over the head or on the breast, all mingling with the smell of the gasoline of the engine. We are offered *chancaca* — raw sugar, the residue of the cane, which, it is said, will drive off attacks of the *soroche*. At 4500 metres the fatigue becomes almost overpowering, and amid the grand desolation of the summits we retain but two definite pictures: little pools of water in which the sky is reflected, and the hairy alpacas that pass in groups.

We descend as far as Puno, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, by the way of the high valleys where the life of other days was concentrated. Were they more thickly populated in the times of the Incas? Probably, and yet the *puna* was always the same immense expanse of pale yellow velvet, bordered on all sides by the sharp though jagged line of the crests detaching themselves sharply against a blue sky.

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Here lies the lake, its color ever changing, almost gray in the morning and even until mid-day, when the cold wind which blows about noon stirs its waters and it becomes a vivid blue; and a black blue after the sun sinks and the girdle of mountains about it contrasts with it in the delicate loveliness of gray and rose and gold. Never shall we forget the return of the fishermen, as evening fell, sailing in their elegantly shaped boats, each made of a finely cut log of the *totora*, which grows at the edge of the lake. The form of these boats is centuries old; the Uros, an ancient tribe, savage and incapable of being civilized, — considered so by the Incas themselves, — made them after this pattern.

Then there was the third stage of the journey by the railway, which had brought us thus far, to the end of the trip. The whole morning long we rolled through dazzling, dusty *puna*, with stops at stations where extraordinary costumes were to be seen, somewhat different from the severer garments of Puno; for every district of the Andes has its costume, distinct in detail from that of its neighbor, just as in Brittany. Among the great black hats of the women and the gray felt hats, almost Bolivian, one began to see the stiff hats of Cuzco, flat and turned up slightly at the edge. These hats have preserved an ancient Spanish characteristic that has undergone a course of local evolution. The men, under this very hat, or under the great felt hat, still wear the traditional wool bonnet, with ears, which they derive from their Indian ancestors, the designs of which recall the ancient fabrics exhumed from the tombs. The poncho, or red domino, falls in gentle folds. The brown breeches are short, letting the legs and the bare feet be seen, protected by sandals.

After crossing a second knot of the Cordillera, the mass of Raya, by a pass of 4300 metres, we descend along a valley, which we are not to quit until we reach Cuzco, the terminus of the railway. The villages, composed of little earthern houses with clay roofs, grouped around some *hacienda*, become closer and closer together. Signs of cultivation appear and become more evident as we go down the valley. It is seed-time. Some Indian peasants are working with their primitive plough — a simple piece of wood held in painful equilibrium to trace a furrow, and drawn by a pair of restless little oxen.

Farther on, the methods of men and women planting potatoes strike us. The man, with a single stroke of his spade, opens a hole, into which the woman opposite him drops a potato, then the man steps forward a pace and the woman backward a pace, and they go through the same thing again. So the group of them goes on, singing in regular cadence, and with a speed which used to make even the old chroniclers wonder.

In our hotel room, where the mountain sickness still affects us, we recall these memories.

*August* 23.— In the morning the glorious sunlight of the country transfigures everything. From our balcony we look down. The melancholy little street has a whole side gilded by the sun. A few Indians, bent under the enormous loads on their backs, are walking along with short steps, and a troop of llamas passes slowly, less heavily laden than the men. Suddenly a sound of trumpets rings out, familiar enough to our ears, though the absence of the *coup de langue* strangely disfigures their sound; and they recall to us that these bronze soldiers were trained by a French military mission.

Let us go out. The street is astonishing, and one seeks to analyze his impressions. The walls go back, for

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the most part, to the epoch of the Incas, cyclopean architecture, whose joints, though without cement, are so nicely adjusted that one cannot put a pin into them.

How were these blocks of stone brought here? On the backs of men, for the most part, like everything else — like the bundles which we have just seen passing. And how were these stones so perfectly adjusted, one to another? By rubbing them, one against the other — or such, at any rate, is the most generally accepted hypothesis. The marvelous patience and ingenuity of these men of primitive civilization! These foundations, indestructible by time and almost by man, the Spaniards used for their houses. The windows, often barred, open at a great height, and, constructed as they are, give the sinister impression of prison walls.

We turn our steps to the market, where the Indian men and women bring their poor little bits of produce to sell. It is by no means the most animated portion of the city. Squatting on the earth on each side of the street, they are separated from it by a filthy gutter. The llamas, as friendly and familiar as the *bourriquots* in Algeria, with their long necks surmounted by finely-modeled heads, a little disdainful, wait patiently until their masters have finished buying or selling, before they resume once more their easy, graceful gait. This street, like all the rest, is common ground for men and animals. No vehicles ever traverse it, for none, indeed, exist in Cuzco except the famous tramway to the railway station, which has to be specially ordered for citizens of distinction or foreign visitors.

The market-women, with their voluminous robes of fine Prussian blue, relieved by the designs of their corsages or by their red hats, have in front of them a square piece of cloth with embroidered strips, knotted, in which they carry everything, even their children, on their backs. On this square they have arranged little heaps of golden maize, pink or yellow *occas*, and potatoes. Further on comes the rank of cloth-sellers. With great hats on their heads and their bodies wrapped in blue costumes, they spread out their pieces of cloth before them, and hold great wooden measuring sticks in their hands. Then the butchers have their turn, though their little heaps of blackish, badly-carved meat are rather discouraging to the buyer. Water-carriers bustle past us, the wooden cask fastened to a simple woolen rope which passes over their shoulders and which they hold with their hands. From the summit of the steeply sloping st[illegible] one can see an astonishing blaz[illegible] color, such as one would never have believed possible, vivid but never clashing.

Then 'Maria Angola' sounds, the great bell of the cathedral of Cuzco A great procession is to issue from it. We follow the people — Indians and 'Cholos' — who are running toward the centre of the city. Amid the bursts of music from a fanfare of trumpets, punctuated by the beating of a drum, the hymns can scarcely be heard. Some of these hymns are of Indian origin, and we recognize their monotonous rise and fall, based on the defective scale of the ancestors of the Peruvians. The procession comes nearer, forming a long cortège. Borne upon the shoulders of the marchers and dominating the throng are statues dressed in the Spanish fashion, offering salutation to the saint whose feast it is, and whose statue is richly garbed and bedizened with votive offerings of gold and paper. Bands of colored paper are hung round him, and even the incense which surrounds him in a bluish haze cannot succeed in driving away, with its churchly perfume, the impression of a carnival.



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How far away we are now from the Peru of olden days! Only the Indian faces and bits of costume recall it to us. The procession goes from church to church, they are so numerous and so close together. How the people swarm into the naves! It is a continuous fair. But of course one need not visit the churches at these moments.

*August 25.* — Passing back and forth under the arcades on the great square, with its Spanish houses, all alike and all dating back to the Conquest, we come in sight of the cathedral. There are four churches at least in this square, of which the cathedral is one, occupying a whole side. The exterior is massive and complicated, but, on entering, one is struck by the mystery, the richness, and the grandeur of the structure. It is sombre, and one barely distinguishes the sparks of gold which glimmer in the chapels. The central altar is covered with carved silver, the *motifs* in that neo-Spanish style mingled with Indian which is so familiar to us. Benches in carved wood, rich gratings, saints in front of the altar-screens in gilded wood with surcharged ornamentation. It is still that *churiguerresco*, which rages here as in all of Latin America.

At the lower side we stop suddenly, holding our breath. A pair of Indians become visible in the light that gleams through the shadow: the man upright, motionless as a statue, noble in his tattered poncho and short ragged breeches, his head bare, his hat in his hand; the woman on her knees beside him, her head lifted, her bosom pressed against her corsage, in the flattened circle of her skirts. They are lost in their naïve prayers. The powerful glare of the swinging chandeliers lights unequally the sumptuous gold of the altar and the rude copper figures of the pious pilgrims, bringing out now a red, now a bit of embroidery, now a deep blue, in their costumes. Does the passionate adoration of these simple souls really address itself to the statue of the Sacred Heart, or to the *Inti* (the sun, in the Quechuan language), to the father of their ancestors? What does it matter? We steal out softly, lest we disturb their prayers.

The light outside is dazzling. The image of the praying couple haunts us. Perhaps other Indians used to pray so, in that attitude of solemn ecstasy, before the Temple of the Sun. What remains to-day of that monument in which the architecture of the Incas attained perfection? Alas, the Spaniards respected it no more than the others. Its ruins were incorporated in the monastery of the men who dedicated themselves to Santo Domingo. In the sacristies of their church, the beautiful remains of the temple are still to be seen. The stones are more regular there than elsewhere, and more perfectly matched. Those trapezoidal niches, empty to-day — did they perhaps, in other times, contain some precious objects of the ancient cult, or the mummies of the sovereigns?

On the very spot sacred to Santo Domingo, opposite the ancient temple on an Inca site, rises the débris of old walls, a Spanish cross of the time of the colonization, without the Christ, from which hangs the symbolic shroud. It was placed there deliberately by the conquerors, in order to overthrow idolatry; as was also this cluster of churches, out of all proportion to the importance of the city. A group approaches: six Indians, two carriers of relics, two flutists, two players of the drum and *bombo* (big drum). The musicians pass, and the capricious airs of the flutes are emphasized by an obstinate rhythm. It is a purely Indian air. Already we have heard a number of the popular melodies in these regions; they are grave and sad, with repeated falls and a savage

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rhythm punctuated by savage accents. From the ancient *harawi*, preserved intact, to the melancholy *yaravi*, with its Spanish tinge — a curious mixture which has none the less become truly national; from the *kaswa*, a dance mentioned even in the early chronicles, to the highly creole *marinera*, there exists a great folk-lore, rich and living, which we must hasten to record before it disappears forever.

*August* 26. — A climb up to Saxahuaman, the celebrated Indian fortress so often described by the old authors, was planned for this morning. In marvelously clear weather we set out, guided by a kindly professor from the University of Cuzco. The fortress, erected partly from military necessity and partly for stores, crowns the summit of the *cerro* which overhangs the city. The limits of its ancient emplacements are definitely known, but all that now remains is situated on the side opposite Cuzco, so that from the base nothing can be seen; for the Spaniards, in their destructive folly, hurled down the mountain the blocks of stone which formed that part of the structure.

Completing the journey, we enter an especially typical house of the colonial epoch. The patio, in the form of a cloister with columns, gives room for sharply contrasted light and shade, and the fresh colors with which the house is painted gleam under the sunlight. A woman, carrying a child on her back in the traditional square of wool, passes beneath the arcades with an air of resignation.

But we hurry on to the ruins. A long narrow street, which leads out of an odd quarter of Cuzco, takes us thither. Half-way there is a square, again a cross without a Christ, and then curtain after curtain of eucalyptus trees, the only kind that grow, straight as young poplars, in the bottom of the valley, though with a character quite different from those of Provence or Algeria. Among these trees, which do not stop the light from filtering in through their narrow leaves, one can see the ruins of an Indian house — a school of knighthood where the *orejones* (youthful noblemen) passed their apprenticeship in arms, for the period of which they were sacred.

A brief halt only, then we mount again and ride along a stony pathway leading to a narrow pass between two *cerros;* and, with the city lost to sight, we wind on around the mountain. Soon there rise before us the triple tiers of the enclosure of the old fortress of Saxahuaman, made of cyclopean blocks with a monumental gate. We rest here in peace, rebuilding in imagination the times when life reigned in these abandoned places, when the fortress stood intact, sheltering the men whose warlike equipment we can imagine from the pictures which the funeral urns faithfully preserve.

As if in a dream, we climb the three enclosures and reach the summit of the hillock; and then, suddenly, Cuzco spreads itself at our feet at the bottom of a circle of mountains, blue in the light of morning, though less blue than the sky of faultless azure in which gleams the Sun God as once he gleamed over his sons and worshipers. From this bird's-height, the houses seem to have vanished beneath their sloping roofs of old tiles, a gleaming carpet of old rose, pierced here and there by the heavy masses of thirty-seven churches. Dividing the city like the lines of the cross, and with their centre almost in the great square, may be seen the traces of four roads, which, after they have traversed the city, climb the mountains, where the eye follows them until they are lost to view. Seen from above, the ancient capital would have no trace of the Indians who once occupied it, — for the bases of the houses, dating from

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Inca times, vanish here beneath the surface of the roofs — but for these four roads, which speak to our spirits so vividly that the real city disappears like a phantom. These four roads, in the days of its greatness, divided the immense empire of the Incas, Tapuantinsuyu, into its four provinces. Each of the quarters into which Cuzco is thus divided formed a sort of capital for the corresponding province.

It was from the part of the city where these four roads intersected that the magnificent processions at the feasts ordered by the Inca formed and moved away — those feasts of which one may read amazing accounts in the chronicles. Along these routes swift couriers ran in all directions, and royal messengers each year drove out, with a symbolic gesture, all evils and epidemics, forcing them in relay after relay to the very confines of the Empire. So our imagination would retain the past, casting aside the mediocre present, which has no future. When the conquering Spaniards rebuilt the imperial city of the Incas, in the name of their own civilization, they destroyed it.

# IN THE ARGENTINE SIERRAS

By NICOLÁS CORONADO

From *Nosotros, June*
(Buenos Aires Literary Monthly)

Unless one possesses an automobile, or ample travel-funds to hire one, he usually makes the journey by rail from the 'most learned' city of Cordoba to the neighboring Sierras; and that is an adventure. I beg pardon, my fellow countrymen; but our government railways are the worst railways in the world; and the line from Cordoba to La Cumbre is eminent even among its kind for dilapidation and delay. At times, indeed, you do get the impression that someone has stuck a spur into the locomotive. It makes a violent leap forward and the train plunges headlong for a few hundred yards at terrific speed, while the passengers hold fast to their seats and the windows rattle like castanets. But this is not normal. Ordinarily, you move at a snail's pace; make a little distance forward, slip back, and again crawl forward toward your destination.

Since it is my disposition to see symbols in everything, I reflect that our Argentine people are very much like our railways. We loiter along indolently and profitlessly, day after day, and then suddenly rise some fine morning, with a grand idea that spurs us to work with tremendous energy for a brief period. But that is merely another one of our dreams.

Be that as it may, at least we are on the train to the Sierras. There are few passengers, among them two couples of newly-weds. The ladies are charming. One of them can be scarcely more than fifteen years old. She has not yet learned to dress and act like a ma-

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tron. She wears a green hood, and her face retains its delicate schoolgirl bloom. The second bride is veiled, slender, elegantly garbed. She seems to have stepped out of a fashion-plate — one of those fashion-plates that show tourists' costumes.

In addition, there are a few commercial travelers, and a couple of poor women unbecomingly dressed for traveling. When poor people travel they always put on their best clothes. Also, there are several invalids seeking health in the mountains, a Protestant clergyman, and an old priest with a beard worthy of the Cid.

While I am making these observations — the last for which I am likely to have leisure on this trip — our luxurious state-railway train is creeping across the Cordoba pampa toward the Sierras, which already loom high on the horizon.

As I was leaving home, an alarmist friend cautioned me: 'Look out for contagion; the mountains are full of lungers.'

I am not a man of the dare-devil type, and this warning stuck fast in my memory. My eyes wander continually up and down the car, trying to detect bearers of the ruthless bacillus. I note that my fellow travelers are doing the same, each scrutinizing his neighbor with uneasy keenness.

Meanwhile the train leaves the pampa behind and buries itself in the clustering foothills. On either hand is a wonderland of verdure. We are passing through a semicircle of lofty peaks. Here and there I catch a glimpse up a mountain cañon, with two or three silvery threads of water at the bottom, tracing their way skillfully through a chaos of boulders.

Breakfast is announced. Facing me at my table in the dining-car is a kind-eyed lady, who greets me as if we were lifelong friends. She is the English wife of the Protestant clergyman. The good pastor himself evidently distrusts the fare on the government dining-cars, and prefers to breakfast alone out of his lunch-box.

My kind-eyed lady acquaintance evidently shares my own preoccupation. Her first question is: 'Are you afraid of contagion?' We both apparently are suffering from the undefinable *malaise* of patients in the sanitarium, impatiently waiting to get back into active life.

But outdoor nature disregards these little worries, and reveals herself to us in all her radiant splendor. The San Roque River rushes below us; the protruding flank of a mountain brilliant in the morning sun overhangs it. Our train tirelessly follows the stream's thousand capricious twists and turns. I want to take of my hat and shout with joy, like a little child.

Just then I catch snatches of conversation across the aisle. A pale, languid Spanish boy is speaking. 'You know, I got a chill. It was the night of the strike. I was out on the avenue pretty late. Naturally I came up here. I am taking good care of myself, — *yes, sir!*'

Then the train makes a sudden burst of speed. We have emerged from the heart of the Sierras and are again in the foothills. Here and there I catch sight of distant green patches, like lichens clinging to a rock.

Finally we reach La Cumbre. A diminutive carriage conveys me to the hotel. I cross a rustling garden, and am shown my room — a large white-washed apartment with a view toward the mountain.

In old days this was a Jesuit institution; for here the shrewd members of the Company had erected a station on the road from Peru, where all travelers had to stop on their way to Cordoba. The building bears many traces of its

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austere and ancient history. For three centuries the *padres* occupied it, teaching the Indians and taking toll of passing traders.

Naturally, the building has been entirely remodeled; but the atmosphere of antiquity still remains. The furniture of my chamber is simple and severe. The roof is of cane, such as you find in farmhouses. Some Son of Jesus certainly lived here for many years. Doubtless he had a tranquil air, soft fat hands, and sad spiritual eyes. He rose and retired with the sun and dined under the protection of a *benedicite*, with a bottle of that excellent wine which best represents the blood of the Saviour for company. Here he kept his favorite old books and struggled against the temptations which the pitiful 'luxuries' of this region then afforded.

At the very least, I am sure, he did enjoy the luxury of repose and leisure of meditation. And that is precisely what I am seeking in this land of sunshine and abundance.

It is a glorious May morning. Mounted on a rather sorry nag, I find myself winding up a trail which has more turns than the route of Ulysses, through beautiful mountain country, to a little chapel, where on the first Friday of every month a country priest says mass, and prayers for the dead, and christens little children. Lest this be not sufficient to occupy the day, he likewise preaches a sermon and visits his parishioners.

While I ponder on these varied functions, my horse travels at his own sweet will. Soon I am again hemmed in by mountains. The sun gilds the neighboring heights and touches with yellow the trees and shrubs along the wayside. A cloud lingers as if entangled in the pinnacles of a distant peak. The eastern slopes have not yet caught the morning glow, and present from the distance sullen surfaces of shade and darkness.

My steed — or better said, the steed of which I am a transient appurtenance — stops to drink at a clear rippling brook. A moment later we reach a little tableland, upon which stands the historic chapel, with three tiny arches and two toy-like bells.

On either side of the entrance are marble tablets, designed to commemorate two utterly forgotten local dignitaries. The priest is already delivering his sermon. His sonorous eloquence alarms my noble steed, which beats a hasty retreat with its not unwilling rider.

I meditate upon the rich and varied flora so symbolical in its manifold origin, of my countrymen. Here towers a proud cedar of Lebanon; yonder are thrifty Italian pines. I detect in the distance dewy Alexandrine roses. A clump of dogwood casts its shade across yonder bed of chrysanthemums. Farther on, near the little stream where my horse stops to drink, thrives the *espinillo*, with its tiny fragrant blossoms. I discover a bed of mint beyond the border of bowing willows. Yonder is a *moradillo*, whose twigs give forth the odor of incense when they are burned. Here are other varieties of mint, which are used for medicine, and farther along, thyme and the water germander.

And all these native flowers are associating and competing with immigrant plants; with the cedars of Lebanon, the pines of Italy, and the roses of Alexandria. And in this floral world we observe the same phenomenon that we do among the people of our country — the day will come when the native thyme, the *espinillo*, the sacred *moradillo*, and our Argentine germander will be expatriated by the invading strangers.

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What difference will that make? The country will remain Argentine, and a few years from now the Lebanon cedar will be an Argentine cedar and the Alexandrine rose will be an Argentine rose.

But I beg pardon, kind reader. This ancient steed of mine, crawling along at a government-railway pace, has tempted me into an unbecoming reverie.

A young English lady takes me under her wing to-day. I rashly agree to tramp with her. Among this young lady's other excellent qualities is a powerful will, and it is with a certain hopeless resignation that I sally forth with her upon a mountain trail, under a gray heaven that veils with mist the neighboring heights. I am a victim to my national pride. I cannot permit this English girl to humiliate my hundred years or more of Argentine blood.

So we set forth, the young lady in front. I follow painfully and breathlessly. In the distance dark clouds circle lower and lower down the flanks of the mountains. A group of deformed poplar trees lift their snake-like branches from a gorge, as if appealing to an impassive and invisible heaven. A dense haze distorts the landscape. It is like the scene that Ibsen describes in the first act of *Brand*.

The English lady stalks on in silence. I am conscious of a humiliating desire to lose myself by the wayside, and slink back to the neighborhood of a comfortable fire. But patriotic pride restrains me. A hundred years of Argentine history bid me keep on. Yes, in this remote corner of the Cordoba mountains, Latin again is matched against Saxon. It is a case of victory or death.

So I follow, shivering in the penetrating cold and misty dampness. The English lady strides ahead, crushing field-flowers beneath her vigorous steps and turning back now and then to remark, with an air of conviction: 'Men should be men. In England a man shrinks from nothing.'

'It 's the same way here in the Argentine,' — I reply, with bitterness in my voice, vainly trying to suppress a little tremor of anxious doubt.

Just then a blue spot appears in the heavens; the sun is going to shine again. But only for a moment. The great luminary struggles hopelessly with the surrounding clouds, and then vanishes in a silvery vapor.

Finally my lady companion stops and, without saying a word, turns back. Naturally I follow. When she steps on a clump of grass, I step on it; if she stops on a rocky point, I stop, — panting and weary, but sustained by the thought that I am suffering for my country.

Two hours later we reach the hotel. The lady removes her Scotch cap, regards me a moment with mild interest, and says: 'You are quite a man.'

'Not much of one, señorita,' I answer.

She laughs, and I feel a flush of triumph. I have worthily upheld the honor of the Republic.

It is late afternoon. The threatened storm has passed, but the heavens continue gray and misty, and the sun is only half perceptible behind its veil of vapor. Just above the horizon a large bright spot gleams through the trees like the surface of a distant lake. One of the nearer peaks is spotted with alternating patches of light and shade. The light spots are like ruddy agate, and the dark spots deep violet. The houses and trees in the valley below are wrapped in a grave and mysterious quiet. The boulders in the river channel and the thread of water winding among them are bordered by an opalescent haze.

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That nothing may be lacking to complete the picture, far beyond, on the remote horizon, a little mountain summit is visible like a younger sister of the loftier heights about us. Involuntarily my gaze centres upon it. It is a miracle of transparent luminosity; it glows like a topaz — like a celestial tear. One might fancy that all the elements of heaven and earth — the half-hidden sun, the liquid clarity of the horizon, the deep violet of the neighboring mountains, the dark verdure of the forests — had mingled to produce that luminous effect, that miracle of color.

Just then I hear someone calling. It is the English lady, who has likewise been admiring the distant view. She has a book in her hand, and with an attention-compelling gesture reads these immortal words of Coleridge: —

> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world like this.

# STRINDBERG'S SUSPICION

## BY ERIK LIE

From *Berliner Tageblatt, July* 24
(Liberal Daily)

It was early in 1880 — a period of Reddest radicalism. Ibsen's famous saying that the civilized world should be torpedoed was being quoted everywhere by revolutionists. Arne Garborg had published *The Song of the Anarchists*, proclaiming that mankind must settle with its fair-speaking rulers with the knife, and not with arguments. Just at this time Strindberg arrived in Paris and was finishing *The Red Chamber*, in which he proclaimed the evangel of direct action more boldly even than most of his comrades. He was more irritable and suspicious than usual.

One morning Björnson came to Jonas Lie and told him he had just met Strindberg on the street, and the latter had confided to him that he would be ejected from his lodgings if he did not pay a thousand francs overdue rent within twenty-four hours. Björnson said: —

'He looked miserable, and was poorly dressed. The man is hardly normal but he excites my pity.'

Lie replied: 'We cannot allow Sweden's greatest poet to live like this. It is simply our duty to get him out of his trouble.'

They finally arranged with a Swedish publisher, Nilsson, to publish a Christmas book, for which they and Ibsen and Strindberg were to write articles, and were to receive an advance payment of a thousand francs from Nilsson on account.

Björnson observed: 'We ought to be worth that much. I pledge the devil himself we are worth that much.'

One evening soon after Strindberg came to Lie in great excitement.

'Say,' he exclaimed, 'do you know, by some miracle I have just received a draft for more than a thousand francs by post from Sweden. I am beginning to believe in God.'

The next morning Lie was to ac-

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company him to the bank to cash the draft. I myself was then a young lad, and went with them. In front of us was a portly, well-dressed citizen, who might have been a postal director, or a head bookkeeper. This comfortable-looking gentleman, who kept just ahead of us, irritated Strindberg exceedingly. Finally he exclaimed: 'Such men should have their throats cut!'

Lie asked in surprise: 'Why in the world would you do that?'

'He belongs to the upper class,' replied the Swedish poet.

After this compromising remark, he did not utter another word. I observed how threadbare his clothing was. The bottoms of his trousers were frayed, and one overshoe was torn behind. A person who did not observe his lofty majestic brow, and merely noted the little wrinkles around his mouth, and his careless garb, might fancy him some poor serving-lad, who was embittered and embarrassed at finding himself abroad in the fashionable part of the city.

When we reached the *Crédit Lyonnais*, Strindberg shoved Lie ahead of him and kept prudently in the background. During those uncertain days every foreigner was more or less watched. It was quite natural therefore, that the bank-teller should demand to see his passport when he presented the check. Strindberg's eyes flashed. Naturally he was under suspicion, he assumed; his radical views were known here in Paris!

Hesitatingly he handed his passport to the teller.

'It is not viséd. It must be signed by your ambassador,' replied the teller, after glancing at the document.

Lie looked at the man, and suddenly there flashed into his face some of the hauteur of an irritated, angered aristocrat.

Lie suggested: 'Let's take a cab and go to the embassy; we have time enough; it will be an hour or more before the bank closes.'

The face of Strindberg spoke volumes. His feelings evidently ranged all the way from bitterness and resentment to suspicion and a consciousness of guilt.

'I will never go to the Swedish ambassador!' he declared. 'He hates me. It's a trap. I will not be trapped. I will let my landlady turn me into the street first.'

Lie pondered a moment on the embarrassing situation. He did not try to argue the matter. Strindberg had an obstinate disposition, and he was now possessed of the idea that the authorities were on his track.

'I know the ambassador, and will manage it, if you will give me your passport.'

'Will you do that, my dear friend?' said Strindberg, in an appealing tone, like a helpless child. 'I will stop in the café next door and wait. But do not give him my address.'

Lie departed, and came back an hour later with everything settled.

Again the two poets approached the teller's window, and waited there while the viséd passport went the rounds of the office. Strindberg was exceedingly nervous; he expected any moment that a warrant would be served on him, and he might possibly be arrested. He acted as if he were really a criminal, and kept in the background as much as possible, casting uneasy glances in all directions.

When he was finally called back to the teller's window and a thousand francs were handed to him, his face lighted up with a great smile. Quickly sticking the bills into his pocket-book, he hastened away.

During his stay in Paris Strindberg became a close friend of both Björnson and Lie. One result of this was that he dedicated his *Somnambulist Nights* to the two Norwegian poets. The beauti-

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ful poem with which this dedication begins reveals as well as anything he ever wrote what was, in spite of everything, the fundamental quality of his nature — deep sympathy for his fellow men.

Every one knows that his friendship with Björnson was followed later by a violent rupture, easily explained by the absolute contrast between the two men. Björnson was not a person to handle his opponent with gloves; and Strindberg was like a cask of powder, ready to blow up at the slightest spark. The relations between the Swedish poet and Jonas Lie were very different; they remained intimate friends. Strindberg had the happy feeling that he could open his heart and disclose his boldest thoughts to Lie without reserve, and yet find perfect understanding.

When his book, *The Red Chamber*, caused a famous lawsuit in Stockholm, Strindberg wrote a series of letters to Jonas Lie, some of which were published shortly after. Quite naturally he was at that time in a belligerent state of mind; he was nervous and excited, and morbidly suspicious. When it was proposed to show him honors on his return to Sweden, and to present one of his dramas in commemoration of the event, he could conceive no other reason for this than a desire to bribe him — to 'clip his wings' and make him a 'court poet.' And he actually fancied that the prime mover behind this clever intrigue was King Oscar II.

But Strindberg naturally was not going to be made a fool of. He would know how to avenge himself. With this in view he conceived a devilish project — an attack upon His Majesty's person. In one of his letters he enclosed a drawing to show how a dynamite bomb might be placed in the royal palace under the throne! But in his very next letter his common sense reasserted itself, and he said that he had given up that plan, and preferred 'to smash my enemies with bombs out of my inkbottle.'

The talented poet was right. No actual dynamite would have had the effect on popular opinion which his writings eventually exerted.

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# OLD RICH AND NEW RICH

BY ROBERT DE FLERS

[*Robert de Flers, one of the most* spirituel *of French writers, has recently become a member of the Academy. He also had a successful diplomatic career in Rumania during the war.*]

From *L'Indépendance Belge, July* 17
(Brussels Liberal Nationalist Daily)

Le Nouveau Riche. — I am delighted, sir, to meet you at this resort, which must be fashionable since I am here. It seems to me that you view me with rather more favor than formerly. I wish to consult you.

L'Ancien Riche. — I shall be glad to give you any advice in my power, the more so as it is the only thing I am now able to give.

Le Nouveau Riche. — This has been a fine summer for me. Since the war is over, I have been very busy. I have had to secure a residence, a good tailor, a furniture man with a stock of antiques, some good pictures, an equipment of political ideas, and church connections. Now I 've got that done. So ever since spring, we have been finishing our education. I mean by that, our children. It's too late for us older ones.

L'Ancien Riche. — In any case you are frank and honest.

Le Nouveau Riche. — Desperately so. But that will pass. It will take some time, though. You can't master the conventional hypocrisies of society in a day. I know that a regular set of lies should go with a large fortune, and that without them our wealth would be insupportable for others and dangerous for ourselves.

L'Ancien Riche. — Don't let that worry you. Money does n't betray its source.

Le Nouveau Riche. — Don't delude yourself, my dear sir. It advertises its source blatantly when it is newly gained. Your money came into your family long ago, and its source has been forgotten. Unhappily, I have n't reached that point. People want to know exactly how I acquired my wealth, at what date, in what business, and with whose aid. The result is that people both flatter me and despise me. I am surrounded by people who stretch out their hands to me, but hardly venture to shake mine.

L'Ancien Riche. — You should, my dear sir, conceal your money.

Le Nouveau Riche. — Ah, sir, it is so beautiful! It is so new. To be rich and not have it known would make me miserable. Then my wife just has to tell everyone about it, in order to establish social connections. We already have too many of them. We can't get rid of some of them. They are n't all of our selection. Some of them have been thrust upon us.

L'Ancien Riche. — How do you spend your time?

Le Nouveau Riche. — I 'm fairly driven to death. I 'm learning to swim, to play lawn tennis, and to ride horseback. I nearly drowned myself yesterday. My horse threw me this morning. I 'm so lame that I have n't been able to take my fencing-lesson.



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L'ANCIEN RICHE. — So you 're learning fencing?

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — It seems to be the proper thing. To be sure, it 's most illogical. People are fond of saying that I dishonored myself by accumulating a great fortune during the war, and so it is supposed to be necessary that I should be able to fight a duel to vindicate my honor. I am supposed to have an honor to defend since I became rich. Yes, people suggested that to me. It even came up to-day when I was shooting pigeons.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — So you are trap-shooting, too?

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — Yes, it 's an awful bore. Just consider, sir. I love pigeons and always have. Indeed, I am so fond of them that I never have liked to eat them when served at table. Now, because I 've an income of half a million, I must kill the poor things and eat them afterwards. Happily I don't kill many. It 's quite a trick, you know.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — To tell the truth, I think you 're a very decent fellow.

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — As to that, I don't know. It 's not easy to respect yourself when you are n't sure others respect you. When I was poor, I did n't bother about such things. It was all the same to me. So long as I did n't injure anybody or hurt their feelings, I thought I was doing pretty well. I was busy getting as much pleasure as possible out of life. Now I 'm wholly engaged learning what others think of my good fortune. You see where it 's leading me.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — Why don't you interest yourself in some well-known philanthropic enterprise?

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — I tried that. They were glad to get my money, but did n't want me.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — Be patient and recall the Arab proverb: 'If a dog has money, people will soon call him Mr. Dog.'

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — Ah, well, there you go. You know Arab proverbs. You can quote things that amuse you and others as well. I can't do that. Right there we get at the bottom of the thing. I lack education. I mean by that, ability to adjust myself to different conditions of life. What I need is a man to teach me to think.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — A man to teach you not to think would be better.

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — Quite possibly. My trouble is I have n't a vocabulary. I can't say the things that I feel. I can't make the proper remarks at a marriage or a funeral. I want to shine in the world, but I can't do so for fear of making some humiliating blunder.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — Associate with witty people.

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — How can I pick them up? You can't subscribe for them.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — Ladies may help you cultivate your taste.

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — The only lady I 'm interested in is my wife, who has no taste at all. I 'm too old to be chasing around after new acquaintances.

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — Give garden parties and receptions.

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — We 're trying that. I want to ask you something on this point. Do you know a 'cougher'?

L'ANCIEN RICHE. — I beg pardon?

LE NOUVEAU RICHE. — You don't know what that is? We newly rich use the word a great deal. A cougher is a new invention which we could not do without. When we have witty people at dinner, or even authors and men of that kind, it sometimes happens that, while we are dining, or smoking a good cigar afterwards, they make witty re-

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marks. The trouble is that we don't know when they are made. If we don't laugh at the right place, or if we laugh at the wrong place, the result is awful. Our witty guests see through the thing, and don't come back. Now we are always on the look-out for men of the world who are temporarily or permanently embarrassed financially, and who possess cultivation, manners, and an air of distinction. We make an arrangement with such a gentleman always to attend our dinners. Whenever anything good is said, he coughs discreetly. That's the signal. We at once laugh heartily, and save ourselves from being considered parvenus. You'll observe it's a very ingenious scheme; but a man must know how to use it. For instance, the first time that we had a cougher, my wife and my three daughters, and myself did not take our eyes from him once during the dinner. We were n't able to eat a mouthful. We had to have our own dinner later, after our guests had departed. Now we've learned the trick and can watch our cougher without seeming to do so. He is rather expensive, but very useful.

L'Ancien Riche. — My son will join me here in a few days. I shall be happy to introduce you.

Le Nouveau Riche. — I shall be delighted. We are very anxious to become acquainted with gentlemen of your kind. I mean to say, gentlemen whom other people regard as such. Our situation is a more unhappy one than you might realize. It is delightful to meet a person who shows us the least consideration.

L'Ancien Riche. —

> Considération, considération,
> Ma seule passion, ma seule passion —

Le Nouveau Riche. — What is that you say?

L'Ancien Riche. — I was repeating poetry.

Le Nouveau Riche. — What an advantage you enjoy!

L'Ancien Riche. — Some verses. Finer ones have been written, but these fit your case wonderfully, and for some years they might serve as your motto. Don't be alarmed, my dear sir. Fortunes, like individuals have their climacterics, or periods when they are subject to special ailments. After that crisis is passed, after the individual or the fortune attains maturity, everything is again normal.

Le Nouveau Riche. — I 'd like to reach that stage.

L'Ancien Riche. — Have patience. Your case is rather exceptional. You 've acquired your money very rapidly. It is not absolutely certain that you will keep it.

Le Nouveau Riche. — We 'll see.

L'Ancien Riche. — Exactly. When you are sure of that, when your fortune is firmly founded, the respect and consideration that you wish will come of their own accord, and then you will be truly rich. To be rich is not merely a state of material fortune; it is also a state of mind.

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# MATTHIAS ERZBERGER

BY JACQUES BAINVILLE

From *Le Figaro, August 27*
(PARIS LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

A LITTLE more than a year ago Matthias Erzberger published his *Memories of the War*, from which I quote the following passage, describing the situation in Germany on the day when the National Assembly ratified the Treaty of Versailles.

Members of the Reichswehr attempted to kill me, but failed. A little later an attempt was made to bomb my office at the Ministry of Finance. A hand-grenade wrecked the room in which I was supposed to sleep. On the occasion of the third attempt to kill me, at Moabit, I was visibly protected by the hand of God. I was only slightly wounded. . . . All the hatred of my enemies has not shaken my conviction that signing the Peace Treaty was, at the time of which I speak, the only way to save the German nation.

Erzberger was the most hated man in Germany. He was hated to his death. The fourth attempt to murder him was successful. Twelve bullets—the twelve bullets proverbially used for traitors—are said to have passed through his body. Erzberger was sentenced and executed by German Nationalists.

Why? It is here that this crime becomes of first importance, not only for his own country, but for all Europe.

Erzberger was a politician of questionable morality, but a very intelligent man. At first, like the rest of his people, he believed his country would win the war. He had faith in the power of Germany. In September, 1914, he wrote to General Falkenhayn, who required no such encouragement: 'We need not trouble ourselves over violating either international laws or the laws of humanity. Such sentiment must be subordinated in times like these.' He wished to see London bombed from the face of the earth by Zeppelins. He advised the use of flame-throwers.

Later, he was one of the first subjects of Wilhelm II to comprehend the significance of General von Moltke's remark after the first battle of the Marne: 'Your Majesty, the war is lost.'

Erzberger was an ambitious, active man. He had an early vision of an eminent rôle in life; a part much higher than to be merely a bearer of secret missions, and a propagandist in foreign lands. He dreamed of becoming the first man in his country. The war was lost. That called for a peace champion. After 1917, Erzberger pushed himself forward as the liquidator of an unsuccessful national venture. He persuaded the Reichstag to adopt its famous peace resolution—peace without annexations or indemnities.

But he had to wait for more than a year before the hour struck for which he listened. It came in the form of a military breakdown. As a cabinet officer in the Ministry of Prince Max of Baden, Erzberger was commissioned to negotiate the Armistice. From that day he incarnated and symbolized German defeatism. Because he followed to its logical consequence the insistence of Hindenburg and Ludendorff upon peace at any price; because he secured an armistice which enabled the Germany army, the army of 'conquer-



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ed conquerors,' to withdraw behind the Rhine and escape total disaster; in a word, because he rendered invaluable service to Germany, Erzberger was stigmatized as a traitor! But his subsequent career reveals still more of the spirit of German nationalism.

Let me repeat. Matthias Erzberger was a man of alert intelligence. He knew that it is the part of a skillful politician to accommodate himself to emergencies. When Hindenburg and Ludendorff confessed their helplessness, Erzberger concluded that an armistice must be signed, whatever the conditions. The Treaty of Versailles might be either ratified or rejected. But he considered it wiser to accept the Treaty than to resume a hopeless struggle. After the Treaty had once been ratified by Germany, it was wiser for that country to make a pretense of fulfilling all its obligations loyally. That gave the best promise of liberating the country from its burdens.

Is not this conception of the wisest policy for a conquered nation perfectly natural and normal? Was not an identical policy followed by Thiers after 1870? Thiers likewise was the man who yielded, who accepted terms, who signed humiliating engagements and carried them out; and he thus became for France 'the liberator of the nation's territories.' Erzberger deceived himself into believing that he might play the same rôle in his country's history.

But he found himself at once the most unpopular and the most detested man in Germany. This was not merely because he signed the Treaty. As Minister of Finance, he urged Germany to make an effort to pay; to begin fulfilling its obligations; to show at least a pretense of complying with its engagements. His countrymen never forgave him for that. The middle classes, the peasants, everyone who had property, became savagely hostile to him. Helferich fed the fire. Men bought champagne to drink a health to his death, adding, as they emptied the bottle: 'Another hundred marks that scoundrel Erzberger won't get.'

So they organized a savage conspiracy, a campaign of slander, a scandalous law-suit, to ruin him. Men shrank from nothing in their passion to down Erzberger. He received a bullet in his body, but it had not been poisoned, like the one which killed Haase. However, they forced him finally to retire to private life.

He sought to reënter politics. Then they at last put him permanently out of the way. It was a serious situation. He would have come back into public life a supporter of Chancellor Wirth, who also defends the Treaty. Erzberger was a personal friend and a fellow churchman — both being Catholics — of the present Chancellor. Is there then no safety in Germany for public men who advocate observing treaties?

What we witness now is a terror, a nationalist terror, a methodical terror, which strikes at the leaders; which is seeking to decapitate German democracy. Count them: Kurt Eisner, Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebnecht, Haase, Gareis, Erzberger. Every man who exhibits energy or talent; every man of sufficient promise to become a possible leader of the German Republic; every man who frankly accepts the consequences of defeat, is assassinated ruthlessly. And the authors of these crimes have escaped detection or have not been prosecuted. Public opinion absolves them. That is the worst of it.

Erzberger's assassination, after all his predecessors, reveals more than a plan: it betrays a state of mind. It is a symbol. It stands for a Germany with which we are not yet fully familiar — the Germany of defeat; the Germany of vengeance, which is organizing in the shadow. We catch a momentary

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glimpse of it by the flashing of revolver-shots. But of what may it not become capable? How can its growth be checked? It will be inexcusable for us not to see the future that lurks behind these flashes of assassins' arms. The murder of Erzberger is one of those crimes which precede still greater crimes.'

A century ago there was a period that resembled singularly our own. In that day the Holy Alliance occupied the place in Europe that the League of Nations now occupies. A German student, Maurice Sand, killed, from patriotic motives, a political agent, Kotzebue. Metternich comprehended at once the significance of that crime. He concluded that the Germany of conspiracies and of the *Tugendbund* was a danger for Europe, and that it must be carefully watched. Will the Allied democracies of 1921 have as clear a vision and as firm a hand as the director of European reaction in 1819?

## LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

BY A. HUGH FISHER

[*The Spectator*]

I saw him raise two fingers to his chin,
  A lean, tall figure, careless of cold sleet,
  The stranger who had come with silent feet
And paused to choose which house to enter in.
As blind men breed perception by their skin
  Those empty sockets stared from street to street;
  As, to the exile, smells home-burning peat
The fires of life allured his eager grin.

The gray light grew, birds hailed the coming day;
  Stars glistened faintly on Earth's mantle hoar;
Men took the horses where the ploughshare lay;
  Both men and horses labored as of yore
And death no longer loitered by the way —
  He was within and one will rise no more.

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# OLD VAVILYCH

BY VYACHESLAV SHISHKOV

[*Like all Bolshevist fiction, this story has a propaganda purpose. However, in spite of its naïve theme and stage-machinery, it is an excellent portrayal of peasant character and manners.*]

From *Petrograd Gryadushcheye*, No. 9 for 1920
(Monthly Literary Magazine for Proletarian Culture)

## I

The two comrades, Sokolov and Dyadin, had just returned from the factory dining-room and immediately began rehearsing the play their group of amateurs was to give two days later.

Sokolov's sister, Annushka, was busy with the samovar. She had only recently arrived from the village, brought to Petrograd by her brother, who had also found work for her in a factory.

No one expected Old Vavilych that evening. Short and broad-shouldered and full-bearded, he entered the room like a bear from the forest. His stern eyes, shaded by bushy eyebrows, looked in vain for an icon; finding none, he began angrily to make the sign of the cross, his arm swinging far out.

'Father!' exclaimed Annushka, and ran over to him.

'And not an icon in sight,' he said in his gruff voice. 'How can you live that way?'

'How have you happened here, father?' asked Sokolov, rising to greet the old man, who was already taking off his gray coat.

'Just came around to see how you live here. Everything all right?'

'Not bad.'

'Yes, I can see that,' said the old man, stroking down his graying beard. 'Wonderful life you folks are leading here in Petrograd. Looks as if you had all swollen from hunger. I counted at least fifteen coffins as I was coming from the station. Fine life! Wonderful arrangements you have here.'

The old man was obviously in ill humor. Sokolov could not think of anything to put him in better mood. Annushka was busy with her dishes. Finally, they all sat down at the table.

'You'll have to excuse us, father; there's no sugar. We use saccharin with the hot water.'

'No sugar, eh? So.' The old man screwed up his eyes ironically and repeated a prolonged, 'So-o. What kind of a government are you, anyway, if there is neither tea nor sugar? That's not a government; that's a log of wood. You'll have to excuse me for a plain peasant word. And what's this? Bread? For all of us? Not much, boys, not very much. Or what is it? "Comrades," you have to be called now. Nowadays every son-of-a-gun is a "comrade." But wait a moment. I'll get something.'

Annushka's eyes shone brightly as she looked at the old man's bag; for its contents had a tantalizingly pleasant smell.

'And how is mother, and sister?' she asked.

'How should they be? Crying all the time. There's nothing left of what we used to have. They've taken away everything, with these new ways. Here's where these new ways hit me!'



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The old man slapped himself on the back of the neck and started for the table, bringing along his bag.

'I've brought you some bread, and *piroshki* with cabbage. And here is some butter. I had five pounds along, but they took most of it away, the Herods!'

'Who took it away? Where?' exclaimed Annushka.

'Who? Your comrades, of course. They said I was a *psikulyant* [*spekulyant*, or speculator], a *malodyor* [marauder]. They wanted to take this rooster away from me, too, but I started up a wail: "What are you trying to do, comrades? I have a son and a daughter working in a factory, like regular democrats."'

'Did you really say that?' asked Sokolov. '"Like regular democrats?"'

'Of course. And I called them crooks and scoundrels, too.'

Sokolov and Dyadin smiled. Annushka burst out laughing.

'That's a guard detachment, father. They watch for the speculators and profiteers.'

'Yes, a "rob detachment" — that's what they are right enough. They wanted to take this flour away from me, too. That's the sort they are, these comrades of yours, the devil take them all!'

The old man was still very angry. He was hastily drinking the hot water, and biting off large pieces of bread, making a loud noise with his mouth as he chewed.

'And have you got any kerosene at home, father?' asked Annushka.

The old man laid down angrily the piece of bread he was holding in his hand and looked at his daughter in genuine astonishment.

'Kerosene? Are you in your right senses, girl? It's been a long time since we started burning wood-splinters for light. You can't get any pleasure out of life at all now. In former times, when you had a silver ruble to spend, you could buy all sorts of things and live in fine style. And now — '

'How can you talk that way, father?' asked Sokolov, in an irritated tone. 'Have you forgotten how the people used to slave for twenty kopecks a day? And did n't the police official hit you in the face whenever he wanted to, and drag you by the beard?'

'Well, what sort of a comparison is that?' replied the old man, wiping off his wet beard. 'He was an official — that's why.'

Sokolov jumped up from the table and began pacing the room.

'But that's slavery! That's — Father, how can you fail to understand?'

The old man didn't listen to him, but continued: —

'That's no comparison. He's an official. And the way you have it now, any scamp who spent all his life feeding lice in prisons can come to you and order you, "To the wall!" and have you shot on the spot. How can you bear that. Eh? And they've taken my cow away, and my goat, and my samovar. They say it 's for the poor. They mean for the lazy and the good-for-nothing. How can you live with all that?'

'Wait a moment, father. Don't you get the land that used to be owned by the landlords? You've got some, have n't you?'

Vavilych looked down at his horny hands and said slowly: —

'Yes, we get it. That's true. But those who are hard workers want to take it over and work it, and the good-for-nothings keep on hollering about the *communia*, so that everybody should have everything together.'

'Why don't you go into the Commune? That's just the way to do it?'

'Who? I?' shouted the old man. 'What are you talking about, comrade?

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The devil take it, that *communia* of theirs!'

'O father! Now I see that you are —'

'Never mind what I am,' interrupted Vavilych, his eyes flashing. 'I am what I am.'

'O father —'

'Won't you pour out some for me, comrade?' said Dyadin, pushing his cup over in Annushka's direction.

'"Comrade!"' said the old man, turning to him like a rooster ready for a fight. 'What kind of a comrade can she be to you, if she is, let us say, a woman? That's funny. I think I am going to take you back to the village. We need you there.'

'I won't go back to the village.'

'What?'

Annushka merely blushed.

'All your comrades, the anathema take them! Now they are going after the Lord God himself! Of course, we are not sorry at all for old Nicholas, the Tsar. The dogs can have him. I hope the devils in the next world will pour plenty of hot tar over him.'

'Good for you, Vavilych!' exclaimed Dyadin.

But the old man was ready with new complaints.

'And now they are starting up something new again. Over at the coöperative they are going to have a theatre and play comedy.'

'Why not?' said Annushka. 'I am playing in a theatre here.'

'Yes, play, play! It won't bring you to anything good. Comrade!' The old man pronounced the last word sneeringly.

'The theatre is a good thing, father,' said Sokolov. 'It's like an education — brings you light.'

'Education? Here is all the education you want,' shouted the old man, swinging his fist in the air. 'I'll hit you on the forehead and you'll see all the light you want.'

'Look here, father,' said Sokolov, to change the subject of the conversation, 'how is it that you have nothing but bark shoes on you? Maybe that's why you are so angry. Here is a pair of boots anyway.'

'You don't say!' Vavilych was all alert in an instant. 'That 's what I call a good turn. Let me have them.'

He immediately began changing his bark shoes for the boots his son held out to him, still continuing, however, his stream of abuse for the new ways. Annushka showed him a bundle of calico. He snatched it out of her hands and stuffed it into his bag, without even looking at it.

'Maybe you have some shoes for mother?' he asked. 'She's going barefooted, too. Fine! Just the thing for her.'

Dyadin took down a guitar from the wall and began to sing softly. Annushka joined him. Vavilych looked at them angrily and then turned to his son.

'I am going to take her back to the village, though.'

'What for!'

'That 's my business. I am not going to ask you about it. Hey, you, what are you twisting your face like a pipe for? Com-rade. I'll spend just the night here, and then to-morrow we'll both go back to the village.'

'Why should I go? What for?'

'What? Would n't even obey your father any more? I'll show you the new rights and the new ways.'

The singing ceased. Annushka wiped her eyes with her apron.

'Wait a moment, father, don't get excited,' said Sokolov calmly. 'Everything will be all right. Things will get arranged by and by in the villages, too. Think for yourself: is it easy to build life over again from the very beginning? I'll tell you all about it; just listen.'

'What? Since when should father

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learn from his son? Government — Rul-ers — Such rulers as you should be kicked right out. The devil take you all! Everything is turned upside-down.'

'You are like a bull, father, won't budge.'

'Wha-at?' The old man's face darkened with wrath.

'You are an ignorant man, father, you don't understand.'

'All right, all right, you know everything. And you get ready to go with me, Anyutka.'

'But why should I go, papa?' cried Annushka, her chin trembling. 'I can hear the opera for nothing here, and I have friends, and over at the factory I get three thousand, and calico, and food-rations, and everything. And then there are meetings. Everything is so interesting here, and you want me to go back to the village.'

'I'll show you what's interesting! Just wait.'

'Well, I won't let her go,' said Sokolov firmly, rising from his chair.

'You won't?' The old man was furious. 'What's happened to you all; have you all gone crazy?'

'I won't let her go,' repeated Sokolov.

'All right then, the devil take you all!' shouted Old Vavilych, striking the table with his fist. 'Then I am going.'

He put on his coat quickly and went toward the door.

'Wait, father, wait!' his son shouted after him.

'I am not your father, and you are not my son. You are all just scamps and scoundrels.'

'But that's all nonsense,' cried Sokolov angrily.

'All right, you live your own way, and we'll keep on living ours,' replied the old man, pausing in the doorway for a moment. 'I've seen rulers like you,' he continued sneeringly, and bowed down to the ground. 'Thanks for the tea and for the welcome.' And he went out, slamming the door behind him.

'Father, father!' cried Annushka, and burst out crying.

'An obstinate old man,' said Dyadin. 'Still, he took the boots, even if they are from the new régime.'

'Yes, and my calico and shoes, too.'

Sokolov was pacing the room in moody silence.

## II

Six months went by. During that time, old Vavilych's hut had become completely transformed. On the smoke-blackened walls were two clocks and a large mirror in a gilded frame. Two samovars stood on the top of the stove, and another samovar and two nickel coffee-pots stood on the shelf. Against the wall were a piano and a large bed with bronze ornaments.

'The millionaires!' Vavilych shouted after a young fellow, a former merchant, who had just exchanged a whole suit of clothes for some flour and butter. 'You've had enough of your own way with us, poor devils!'

'Sh-sh. He might hear you,' his wife, Matrena, warned him.

'And what do I care if he does? I am not afraid of him, the bourgeois mug. Let him come now, and I'll make him dig potatoes. If he wants to eat, let him dig. I am no servant for him. There would n't be anything left of him, the bourgeois mug, if it had n't been for us, the peasants. Here is where I've got them all,' he ended, shaking his fist furiously. Then suddenly his face was lighted up by a pleased smile, as he ruffled the bosom of his red shirt under his velvet vest.

'Just look at all this, Matrena. We've got a piano now, and samovars, and beds. Just like a dream. That's what you call local authority. And you say that we ought to get the Tsar back,

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and the White Guards. I've never seen such a fool as you, woman. Well, don't get angry. Want some beer, Matrena?'

'Yes, give me some, it's a holiday now.'

'That's so, too. Just wait till I get all dressed up, like a director or something.'

He put on a frock-coat and an overcoat, and began smoothing down his long beard.

'Where is the hat and the stick? I must have the stick.'

Then he walked over to the mirror and began admiring himself.

'What do you know about it, woman? The whole social revolution has n't taught you anything. Just tell me what is an executive committee, eh? How can you understand that? You can live all your life and die like a dog without confession, and you'll never guess what that is.'

'Stop your boasting,' said Matrena, smiling.

Vavilych sat down at the table. He looked tired.

'You lie down,' said Matrena. 'I'll make the bed for you.'

'No, no,' protested Vavilych vigorously. 'Don't touch the bed. Just throw an old coat on the floor, there, by the stove. That's good enough.'

'But why not use the bed, seeing it's a holiday?' replied Matrena. 'What did you take it for, then?'

'Let the bed stand. Makes this look like a landlord's place. I won't lie down after all. What time is it? Look and see.'

'I don't know anything about it. Look yourself.' Matrena went back to her work at the loom, while Old Vavilych began the rounds of the ticking clocks.

'This one says ten, and this one, too. Let's see what this says.' He took a watch out of one pocket, then another out of another pocket. It's ten in the pocket, too. That's funny. I can't figure it all out. And is it morning or night?'

'Of course it's night.'

'All right, Matrena. You know what? Let's have some tea. How much sugar did that merchant bring?'

'Four and a quarter.'

'Fine. You put on that big samovar. We don't care how much sugar we use. They'll bring us more. I've got fine thoughts to-night, Matrena. I think I'll play some music.'

He went over to the piano and began hitting the keys and singing a jolly tune.

'No good,' he said finally, shaking his head. 'That's not the way the master and the mistress played. Sometimes they'd begin at it, and their fingers just jump around as if they had convulsions, and I just can't. Let's see if I can get a church song.'

He rolled up his sleeves, spat on the palms of his hands, and began pummeling the keys still more vigorously, at the same time drawling out a mournful tune.

But at that moment the door flew open and a tall man in military uniform entered the room. His beard and moustaches were neatly trimmed, the gold of his epaulets shone in the light, and the end of his long sword trailed on the ground.

'Are you peasant Sokolov?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Vavilych. 'And who are you, sir?'

'I am the local *ispravnik* [police official].'

'You mean you used to be the *ispravnik?* Have you come for potatoes? Or the flour? We have n't any, we get rations ourselves.'

'Stop that nonsense. I am the *ispravnik*, just appointed by the new governor.'

Matrena's hands began to shake so violently that she dropped down the

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samovar stack she was holding. Vavilych rose from the table, rubbing his eyes.

'Who? What? What new governor? What *ispravnik?*'

'What kind of a masquerade is this? Take that hat off!' shouted the official in anger. 'And don't forget to whom you are speaking.'

Vavilych took off his hat in a puzzled manner.

'Where did the bed come from? And the piano? Ah, I know, it used to belong to Karasev, the landowner,' continued the official sternly.

'Yes, sir,' said the old man in a hollow voice. 'We all got together, and so- so-, what is that word? — socialized it.'

'You mean you stole it. I'll send you all to prison, to Siberia.'

'I don't understand,' said Vavilych. 'Are you really an *ispravnik?*' Then he screwed up his eyes and continued: 'And we don't believe that. How can there be an *ispravnik*, when there is a revolution everywhere?'

'I'll show you the revolution!'

'It seems to me, your Honor, that you are an impostor,' said Vavilych suddenly.

'What? How dare you?' And the official stamped his foot.

But Vavilych put on his hat again, straightened out, and shouted at the official: —

'And do you want to be put to the wall?'

'Ah, you are threatening me?' The official turned green with anger. 'I'll show you. I'll hang you on the very first tree.'

'What's happened?' Vavilych moved away from him and took off his hat again. His voice trembled now. 'Help me, Lord Jesus Christ. Your Honor, how can it be? We have a republic everywhere, and Soviets, and now — Comrade Mr. *Ispravnik*, how can it be?'

'Silence. To-morrow you will return everything to Mr. Karasev. The whole village will be searched during the night. It is surrounded by Cossacks. Everything is restored as before.'

The old man was in despair. But he crossed his arms and said: 'Your Honor, and how about a document?'

'A document? I'll show you a document.'

The official took out a whistle and blew it loudly. A policeman came into the room.

'Send me three Cossacks with whips.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the policeman, and left the room.

Vavilych dropped down on a bench with a groan. But at that moment a loud peal of laughter was heard outside, and Annushka ran into the room with the smiling policeman.

'Good-evening. Father — mother! How are you? What are you frightening father for, Mr. *Ispravnik*, eh?'

She stepped over to the official and tore off his wig and beard. The police proved to be Sokolov in disguise.

'Hello, father; did I frighten you?'

'Lord God in Heaven! I was so frightened, all my lice must have died from fright. That's a comedy for you.'

'And you are all right, father,' said Sokolov, smiling; 'you proved to be a real hero.'

'Of course. The scoundrel wanted to hang me. Huh!'

'Who?'

'That *ispravnik*.'

Everybody burst out laughing.

'And you used to curse the new ways, remember.'

'That's because I was a fool,' and old Vavilych smiled contentedly, glancing about with a pleased expression on his face, as he contemplated again all his newly acquired property.

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# NEW RUMANIA

BY JULIEN LUCHAIRE

From *Le Figaro, August* 23
(Paris Nationalist Liberal Daily)

*Treiasca Romania mare!* — Long Live Greater Rumania! You see this inscription everywhere, on the house-walls and on banners hanging across the streets. You daily hear it shouted by enthusiastic crowds. It is hardly necessary even for a stranger to ask what the words signify. However, this great luxurious city, Bucharest, this city of intrigue and rumor, which stands for all Rumania in the minds of most Europeans, is really but a speck in the immensity of plain and forest, which stretches from the violet banks of the Danube to the uncertain confines of Poland and Slovakia. Europe forgets all that — forgets the horizons following horizons over green prairies, where the air is never darkened by a factory chimney; where the rumble of the rare and desultory trains scarce breaks the silence of ages; where, for more than a thousand kilometres, the only life seen from the car-window is toiling white-shirted peasants, and grazing herds and flocks.

These Wallachians, Moldavians, Bessarabians, Bukowinians, Transylvanians, and people of the Banat, some 16,000,000 men and women, each of whom loves passionately his little corner of the earth, speak different tongues and live in different worlds. Yet they are trying to form a government, to conceive a spirit of common nationality, to live after a fashion as one people. The kinship of language and custom which is far more obvious to foreign observers than to these people themselves, must be converted into the firm ties of common patriotism. That is the great problem which faces Rumania today. That is the real cause of the true and profound emotion — approaching agony — with which the people acclaim: *Treiasca Romania mare!*

Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, is not a city, in the Western sense. It is a great collection of one-story and two-story houses surrounded by gardens. The country invades the town from every side. A few fine public buildings are scattered planlessly hither and thither, like embarrassed well-dressed city strangers in a country crowd. There are no first-class hotels. Most visitors find lodging in private houses. It is a delightful experience to be so entertained; for Rumanian hospitality is above reproach; and even in these cultured city homes, the guest still finds a patriarchal style of life which I never imagined possible except in some remote and rural region.

Jassy retains of its heroic age, when it was the capital and refuge of its government during the late war, nothing but a romantic memory, heaps of worthless munitions in the neighboring meadows, and deep ruts in the city streets. It has returned to its old rôle of county-seat and country market. The broad sunny prairies, which well and dimple in the sunlight as far as the vision reaches, are a succession of wheat-fields and pastures. The Moldavian peasant knows no other kind of farming than raising wheat and cattle. He is utterly ignorant of market-gardening. The



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Jews of Jassy, who are large consumers of garlic, import it from Egypt.

We are on the border of the great Russian plain. The Pruth flows a few miles west of the town. Beyond lie Bessarabia and the Ukraine, the gigantic domains of the wheat-sowers. Ascending any little treeless hillock of the neighborhood, nothing greets the vision but the endless billowy prairie. The villages lie concealed in its folds where there is water and shelter from the winter's wind. The highways also mostly pass through these shallow troughs in the great plain. Occasionally, where the road rises over some slight ascent, the eye detects long, slowly toiling columns of wagons. For the peasants still cling to their ancient custom of hauling their crops long distances by wagon train, despising the railways as a recent and unsafe innovation.

Here, in the bend of a shallow, grassy valley, a hundred or more of these carts have unspanned. It is a peasant encampment, consisting of new landowners, who have probably come from distant villages, to occupy a district hitherto untilled, placed at their disposal under the new agrarian law. Although the Rumanian peasant dresses, talks, lives, and tills the soil after the fashion of his remotest ancestors, he is accessible to certain new ideas. In fact, his political and social opinions have undergone a rapid evolution. He is quick to change his domicile. He is not, strictly speaking, a nomad, — if we except the shepherds of the high Carpathians, — but he still clings to the traditions of the itinerant farmer.

Fifty years ago, the immense plains formed by the bottom-lands of the Pruth and its neighboring rivers were but scantily populated. Little by little the peasants descended from the neighboring hills, where their ancestors had lived, to till this virgin soil, this marvelous 'blackland,' for centuries left to be overrun by thistles and grazed by half-wild horses.

It is thus that the Rumanian peasant has been a peaceful pioneer, developing the wealth of his native land. He had been already making progress for some decades. Then the war came, and suddenly endowed him with class-consciousness — gave him a social programme. The Rumanian peasant wishes to own the land. He expressed this wish so emphatically and with such power behind his demand, that it has been granted him, almost without resistance. The new land-law now before Parliament is not as radical as the Bulgarian law, but it practically turns over to the peasants all the tillable soil of the country. The great manorial estates of the Boyars are reduced to negligible dimensions, except for their forest-lands and vineyards.

I was standing in the buffet of a little railway station between Jassy and Czernowitz when a peasant stepped up to me. He wore a white shirt embroidered in colors, girded by a broad belt of carved leather, and falling to his knees. His skin-tight trousers also were white. He wore sandals bound to his ankles with thongs. His hair was long. He had an alert, intelligent countenance. Addressing me, he asked who I was, and seeing that I did not understand his language, spoke in German. He was well informed upon European affairs. He even bowed courteously and kissed the hand of some lady acquaintance whom he met. I learned that he was mayor of a little village back in the Carpathians. He stood for the solid Rumanian citizen of to-day and to-morrow. He was the true substance of *Romania mare* — Great Rumania.

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# A FORGOTTEN FRIEND OF FRANCE

BY PIERRE VEBER

From *Le Figaro, August* 31
(Paris Liberal Daily)

The saying may be true that Frenchmen are not ungrateful, but it is, none the less, a Paris failing to forget. James Gordon Bennett has been dead scarcely two years, and it already seems as if half a century had elapsed since this man, who was one of the kings of Paris in his day, was last among us. Let me recall to my short-memoried countrymen what this great American did for us before and during the war.

In 1875 Bennett founded the European edition of the New York *Herald*. He hoped thus to forge a permanent link between the two continents; but, above all, he desired to foster friendship and understanding between two nations who had rather lost sight of each other. Bennett loved France ardently, and understood his fellow citizens. He feared the effects of the great Germanic invasion which was sweeping across his country, with all the prestige of Prussia's recent victory behind it. Without public aid or private encouragement, he created the first agency of pro-French propaganda — one that has been invaluable to our cause. He established this journal, not as a business enterprise, but as an institution. In editing, news-service, typography, and paper, it was to be a work of art. It became a model for other newspapers, which were soon forced to copy this young contemporary, who overturned old traditions and served the public with a daily *de luxe*.

Success far exceeding the hopes of the founder crowned this enterprise. Bennett said: 'If the *Herald* prints an edition of more than 12,000, I shall be satisfied.' Before the war, it printed 25,000, which is a unique achievement for a journal printed in a foreign language. Bennett made it a point of honor not to derive any personal profit from his venture. He devoted all that the paper earned to improving it. That explains his Sunday supplements. For five sous, the reader received an art supplement, an illustrated fashion supplement, a humorous supplement, and so on. It was thus he familiarized the French with Foxy Grandpa, Buster Brown, Little Nemo, and other children's heroes of his native land.

Everything about the paper was first-class. Its humblest staff-writers were stylists. In those days, an author had established himself when his articles had appeared in *La Vie Parisienne*, *Figaro*, and the *Herald*.

As soon as a new invention was in the market, Bennett hastened to adopt it. The *Herald* was the pioneer Paris paper to use linotypes. He was an active promoter of wireless telegraphy, in spite of the fact that he had large investments in submarine cables.

He conceived the idea of cultivating a taste for sports in France, and presented a multitude of 'Gordon Bennett cups.' They were thus designated against his will. He wished them called 'Herald cups.' However, the French authorities insisted that his name christen his own work. He thus rendered an immense service to the cause of sport at Paris. He gave a cycle cup, a cup for free balloons, an auto cup, an



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aviation cup — I cannot recount them all. There is hardly a sport which our American friend did not encourage: foot-racing, coaching, motor-boat-racing — and again we might continue indefinitely. In the end, people expected him to provide a cup as a matter of course.

And what could we do to repay him? Bestow decorations upon him? He refused them. Bestow honors upon him? He was indifferent to them.

His bounty was as discreet as it was generous. He gave to any good cause, subject always to the condition that his name should not be mentioned. He had a charity office, which was never closed and was a marvel of secret organization. This was most convenient for the ungrateful. Bennett was certainly one of the most preyed-upon men of his century; but he never complained, and an expression of gratitude merely embarrassed him.

But this great American first proved the full strength of his love of France when the war broke out. He never doubted for a moment our victory. I recall his saying to me in August, 1914, with almost intimidating violence: 'Never shall the Germans enter Paris!' Against all advice, he insisted on continuing publication of the *Herald* at Paris. In midwinter, he defied the uncertainties of sea-travel and enemy submarines to go personally to New York, to procure the money he needed. It was no trifling matter to support a newspaper in Paris during those first months of torment. Everything was lacking: paper, labor, transportation, and even editors. The English members of his staff, with perhaps excessive prudence, returned to their country.

The 'Old Commodore,' defying the feebleness of his seventy years, breasted all these difficulties. Nothing shook his resolution, neither threats nor danger. A Gotha bomb exploded a few metres from his residence. It did not disturb him in the least. He kept calmly on with the campaign that he had conducted from the beginning of hostilities, to strengthen the confidence of the French in Paris, and to arouse the sympathy and secure the aid of his fellow countrymen in New York.

The world should know something of what this courageous attitude cost Bennett — a good share of his fortune.

The New York *Herald* carried some of the most profitable advertising in the world. It even claimed to have made a record in this field. But American business was at that time largely in the hands of Germans and pro-Germans. Bennett's attitude soon caused his newspaper to be boycotted. Advertising fell off. It was hoped thus to silence this ardent champion of France. A newspaper with the circulation of the *Herald* could not carry on without advertising. Within a few weeks its income began to shrink perceptibly. Only a resolute man would have held firm. Bennett stuck to his guns. It meant, if not ruin, at least enormous losses; but the Commodore never swerved from his course, any more than if he had been at the helm of his yacht in the midst of a tempest. At his voice, the doubtful rallied and the faint-hearted took courage.

Finally, his idea began to make headway. *Nous voilà, Lafayette!* Gordon Bennett anticipated the spirit, if not the words, of that famous exclamation. Unable to give his blood, he gave his heart, his prestige, and his fortune. His dream of a close alliance between France and America was finally achieved. His labor of nearly half a century was crowned. Once more — and for the last time — the great sportsman won.

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# GARDENS OF KASHMIR

BY MAJOR A. W. HOWLETT

From *The Manchester Guardian, September* 1
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

GARDENS! Gardens! Who knows what a garden is till he has seen the gardens of Kashmir? The peasants, the boatmen on the lake, the townsmen who come out from Srinagar of a Sunday to picnic, — though why on a Sunday I know not, — tell you they were made by Akbár. True it is they were made by the Moguls (those wonderful princes who seemed to live three hundred years before their time), or, in one case at least, by their grand viziers, but Akbár was not solely responsible. However, he seems to hold in Kashmir the place in popular fancy that Alfred and Queen Elizabeth do in England, and everything that is historically noteworthy is accredited to him.

In any case, to have made these gardens is a thing to be proud of. There are six or seven of them about in Kashmir, and I have seen two of them. The one I have in mind, no doubt the best known, is the Shalimár, and at present my house-boat lies moored in the old canal which leads up to its water-gate. How many a regal procession of boats with silken curtains and golden canopies, with slaves and musicians and all the resplendent trappings of the Court, passed down here three hundred years ago! But now all that is past. To-night, as I write, the canal is all a-chatter with the throaty bubbling of hundreds of frogs; tall rushes lie under the willow trees in dense beds; the surface is clogged with weeds, amid which, by day, the golden yellow water-lily shines; and there is no human sound save the subdued chatter of my servants smoking their hubble-bubbles in the 'cook-boat' moored just behind my own.

Yes, they were a wondrous race, this conquering dynasty from the Central Asian steppes; but, like others before them, they were not proof against the enervating influence of India, and they ended up as imbecile puppets, the toys of the harem, and idle favorites. But what is strangest, as we survey their story, is the fact that these conquerors, preëminent men of affairs that they were, were yet able to take the most intense pleasure in the beauties of nature, and where these were lacking, as they are in so many parts of India, they did their best, with considerable success, to create substitutes. It is strange, because the average inhabitant of India cares not a jot for the finest scenery on earth. Take him to the Himalayas, and he is less moved by the grandest scenery in the world than by the inadequacy of the local bazaar. His interest in life for centuries has been religious musing and the multiplication and propitiation of abounding divinities. But the Moguls loved trees and water and shade, flowers and landscapes and waterfalls, and took as great pleasure in their parks as an English country gentleman. What artists at their bidding erected these wonderlands of floral and arboreal beauty, we hardly know. The name of a Frenchman has come down as one of them. It was they who, to put it in modern style, 'discovered' Kashmir. Their Court was at Delhi, and it must have meant several weeks of journeying, through the sultry plains of the



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Punjab and through the passes of the first mountain-ranges, before they could come into this lovely vale. Along the route which they used are still the remains of smaller gardens encircling the camping grounds.

The mountains come down to the lake, a great reedy-shored expanse of shallows like a huge Norfolk broad; but there is, of course, between their feet and the edge of the water, a long sloping terrain. No finer site could be desired, for the mountains themselves tower overhead to six thousand feet above the lake level, and with your back to them you gaze across a wondrous expanse of waters to other mountains no less immense and backed by ranges still higher, the highest in the world, whereon shine the eternal snows.

Terrace on terrace, subtly adapting itself to the rise of the land and giving ampler views as it ascends, the garden climbs insensibly through perfect vistas of magnificent chenár trees. Lawns as smooth and green as any English turf canvas their mighty shadows, and down it all runs a broad stone waterway, its margins gay with thousands and thousands of geraniums, roses, and oleanders.

When they turn on the water from the burns that are gathered from the mountain nullahs behind, scores of fountains leap to life in the stone tanks, and their pleasant plash rings in cool cadence through the hollows of the black-marble-pillared zenana where, three centuries ago, the prince and his ladies lay to eat the sweetmeats dear to the East and to fill their souls with the panorama of green and lake opening before them like a paradise. Birds, too, are here, as how should they not be? The English thrush hops about the lawns as he does in your vicarage garden at home, and crows and jackdaws set the air vibrating with their quarrels. From tree to tree flashes the golden oriole, a living streak of gold, and the hoopoe with his long bill pickaxes the turf, as dainty on his feet as a dancing mistress.

It must be admitted that the chenár trees make the gardens what they are. There is no finer tree on earth than a chenár. It rises to a mountainous height, and its bole could hide an elephant behind it, while the leaves are not only large in themselves but are packed in such dense masses as to be almost solid.

Then, too, if we must be fair to other gardens, we must remember the backing of the mountains. The huge valley, or rather ravine, which opens up behind the garden, of more than 150 square miles, is the catchment basin for the Srinagar water-supply. It is also what is called a *rukh* — that is, a place closed to all shooting, a sanctuary where wild beasts may live and propagate in peace. Hence it is that the grim old black bear and the stately *bara singh*, the great Kashmir stag, survey from quite close at hand, from amidst the huge grey rock-pinnacles and escarpments and the dense scrub in the water-courses, the Sunday parades of bright-hued women and white muslin-clad men which thread the gay parterres and duskier shadows of this old haunt of kings. Behind the serrated top of the ravine rises the crest of Mahadeo, a peak of painful pilgrimage to Hindoos, precipitous and hoary, of a height of 13,000 feet.

I have seen many gardens, but the Shalimár is as far beyond them as Windsor Park is beyond a recreation ground. Perhaps one of its greatest charms is its lack of artificiality. So marvelously does it fit into its niche between the mountain and the lake, that one never remembers it was made by human hands. As the Persian wrote, 'If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.'

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# A PAGE OF VERSE

## CHANSON TRISTE

BY R. FORTESCUE DORIA

[*The Bookman*]

I CANNOT sleep to-night, because
Across the road a woman sings
An ancient song of love and peace,
A haunting melody that clings.

Why should her singing make me sad
And drive me to the verge of tears?
Ah, there is foolishness in youth,
And bitter paying with the years.

## THE SINGER IN THE STREET

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Westminster Gazette*]

O SINGER in the street, either be still
Or sing some other song that does not stir
With the slow scent and the wild hands of her,
The wild small hands that life could never fill;
For beauty is insatiable: Oh sing,
Lest longing destroy me, of some other thing.

## THE UNICORNS

BY A. A. LE M. S.

[*New Statesman*]

SHUDDER now, tremble. See where the unicorns browse
On the white dark cherry.
They thrust their hard pride through the still moon-frozen boughs
To snap at the topmost swaying berry.

They tear the grass with their feet and snort aloud
— See daffodil fly from hoof!
And the beautiful shadows lone and proud
Draw in aloof.

Will nobody scare the orchard of the unicorns?
They toss their flaming hair on the velvet gloom;
And, see, where a trembling moony nightingale
Throws down the bloom.

The pale boughs shake with shiver of thrusting horn;
Mute to the stars they sway,
And the orchard silently mourns its whiteness shorn:
— Will nobody drive the unicorns away?

Out of a tapered chamber dark
A child's sweet breathing fills
The dreaming orchard-air, and, hark!
The ring of galloping hoofs on the iron hills.

## FROM BHARTRIHARI

BY SIRDAR UMRAO SINGH

[*East and West*]

OF summer evenings is it not delicious
To lounge on palace roofs and find delight
In song and music? Is it not enough
To find full satisfaction in the love

Of one's beloved partner dear as life?
And yet the saintly ones have taken refuge
In forest groves, seeing that all these things
Are passing and unstable, like the shade
Cast by the flame which flutters in the breeze
Created by the wings of a poor moth
That hovers restless, maddened by that flame.



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## SECRET MANUSCRIPTS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

LORD HAIG's example of depositing in the British museum documents relating to his operations on the Western Front, to be kept secret for a period of twenty years has been followed by Lord Esher, who was Lord Haig's agent in the matter of the original deposit. All of Lord Esher's war diaries will be handed over to the Museum authorities, by whom they will be kept sealed for sixty years; so that practically all of his lordship's knowledge of what happened in France that will be shared by this generation is contained in his book, *The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener*. Lord Esher went to France in September, 1914, and kept a continuous diary while he was there, during the period when Lord Kitchener was at the head of the War Office. The diaries covering the period to June, 1916, when the great soldier was drowned, are those which will be sent to the Museum. It is remotely possible that the author of the diaries may reconsider his decision and permit an earlier publication.

Before papers or books can be placed in the custody of the British Museum in this way, the permission of the trustees must be obtained. In the case of Lord Esher, himself for many years a member of the board, this was granted some time ago. When the papers reach the Museum they are handed to the Keeper of Manuscripts, who places them in safe-keeping for the specified time. Lord Esher chose the period of sixty years because it is 'the duration of reticence selected by the author of *Waverley*.' In 1981 his diaries will presumably be opened to all students.

There are at present about eighteen sets of papers sealed in the safes of the Museum, to most of which a time-limit is attached. No information is available, of course, as to the papers which are kept secret, though there are a few sets of documents of which parts have already been published, notably the Greville diaries. Mr. Lytton Strachey was given access to the portions of these papers bearing on the early life of Queen Victoria, which were thought unsuited to publication during her lifetime, and every reader of his book will remember to what sprightly use he turned Greville's observations.

Lord Haig's papers will become available in 1940; but there are other papers in the Museum that will be opened long before that. Some fresh letters of Dickens, which are to be available in 1925, are certain to be eagerly scrutinized. The *Life of Christ*, which he wrote for his children, has, of course, never been published.

Even upon the expiration of the time-limits attached by the depositors to their papers, the Museum authorities do not always open the documents to students. John Cam Hobhouse, later Lord Broughton, placed in the Museum his diaries, correspondence, and memoirs, believed to relate to dark passages in the life of Byron, especially the separation from his wife; but even in 1900, when they were to have been opened, the trustees decided to exercise their discretionary power, and refused to permit publication. Even the appearance of the second edition of Lord Lovelace's *Astarte*, — an effort to justify Lady Byron, — and the controversy thus stirred up, have in no way affected this original decision. Lord Broughton is known to have written a 'full and scrupulously accurate' account of this separation, which he gave



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to Lady Dorchester. The Museum possesses also the complete text of Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* in manuscript, which is much longer than the published book. This manuscript was the subject of a law-suit, not long since.

The usual reason for keeping manuscripts or books secret is that they may affect persons still living, and the time-limits are usually fixed to terminate after their possible expectation of life — a circumstance which leads irresistibly to the remark that, if the conditions portrayed in Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* actually came to pass, they might be even more exciting than their author imagined. Diplomatic rather than personal considerations are sometimes at stake, however, as in the case of the correspondence of Sir Austen Layard, once British Ambassador at Constantinople, which will not be opened until the British Foreign Office gives permission.

A sinister interest attaches to forty-five documents which are said by *Az Est*, a Hungarian newspaper, to have been deposited in the Budapest National Museum in 1908, by an agent of King Peter of Serbia. The King's will, together with forty-five documents and photographs relating to the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga, whom King Peter succeeded in 1903, were placed in the hands of the Museum authorities, on condition that they should not be opened until after his death. The Director of the Museum confirms the report that the papers deal with the murder of the royal couple; but, in spite of King Peter's recent death, the papers do not appear to have been made public.

In France the ten members of the Académie Goncourt are being attacked because they too, like the British Museum trustees, are refusing to publish an important document in their possession, the time-limit on which has expired. The de Goncourts founded their academy to encourage young writers whose work was not sufficiently classic for the French Academy, and associated with themselves ten authors, among them the present Academicians whose views coincide with their own. To their keeping was confided the diary of Edmond de Goncourt, to be published, in accordance with the author's wishes, twenty years after his death, that is, in 1916. During the war nobody greatly disturbed himself over the diaries; but since that time there has been a demand for the promised book. The surviving members of the original group of ten refuse to publish, on the ground that by doing so they would cause great pain to numbers of inoffensive people. The diaries appear to be somewhat ill-natured — which naturally increases the popular demand.

The disappointed literary folk who want to see the diaries assert that, since the members of the Goncourt Foundation are the only ones who have been able to read the manuscript, they probably find themselves disrespectfully discussed in it, and are safeguarding their own dignity by refusing to publish. They threaten a law-suit; and as it is quite clear that the custodians of the manuscript are legally bound to publish it, their only choice is apparently between compliance with the demands of the curious Parisians and dissolution, which presumably would mean the end of the Prix Goncourt.

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### THE VEIL OF TRANSLATION

Miss Rebecca West, in a review in the *New Statesman*, tells an amusing anecdote of Maxim Gorky, which, she says, illustrates the fact that translation may sometimes be a positive gain to an author: —

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Maxim Gorky paid a visit to London some years ago, and there was arranged for him a dinner, which was attended by all the greatest writers of the day. After dinner Gorky spoke to each of them separately through an interpreter, and in the end made a speech through the same medium, in the course of which he said that he had greatly enjoyed meeting Mr. Hardy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and the other guests; and while he regretted that he had not had the pleasure of meeting Miss Marie Corelli or Mr. Hall Caine, he quite understood that such giants were not easily to be met, and doubtless he had been happier in the society of these lesser men, who were nearer his own humble level. Now, Gorky is obviously not a fool; he is, as his *Reminiscences of Tolstoy* show, a fine critic. The fact was that he had never encountered Miss Marie Corelli or Sir Hall Caine as we their compatriots know them, but had seen their images richly refracted through a haze of translation. I am not sufficiently well acquainted with the works of Miss Corelli to imagine what qualities she possesses which could appear as artistic merits when subjected to these processes, though everyone has a soft corner in his heart for the inventor of the *roué* who spiced his conversation with salacious witticisms out of Baudelaire and Molière. But I think I can see that Sir Hall Caine might, if he was viewed through the veil of a translation, look something like a great man.

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'THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT'

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* sternly scolds all who are so slipshod in their speech as to employ that most useful of phrases, 'the psychological moment.' Asserting that by no possible distortion of the English language can it legitimately be forced into its current meaning of 'the proper, or fitting, moment,' he proceeds to give a history of the phrase which is vastly more interesting than his diatribe against its users.

'The psychological moment' is an English translation of the French *le moment psychologique*, which is, in its turn, a *mis*-translation of the German *das psychologische Moment*, which was used in the *Neue Preussissche Zeitung* in December, 1870, when the bombardment of Paris was about to begin. The German writer said: 'The psychological momentum [*das psychologische Moment*] must be allowed to play a prominent part, for without its coöperation there is little to be hoped from the work of the artillery.' Confusing the neuter German word, *das Moment* (which means 'momentum,' and, as here used, a dynamic part of the human mind urging it to action), with the masculine *der Moment* (which means 'moment' in its ordinary English sense), the French translated it *le moment psychologique*, and with derisive gayety incorporated it into the slang of the hour.

The French writer, Francisque Sarcey, in his *Diary of the Siege of Paris*, tells how the beleaguered Parisians pluckily made game of their enemy's phrase: —

> You know how we laugh over that 'psychological moment.' The word has become all the rage. . . . Everybody says, 'I'm hungry. The psychological moment for sitting down to dinner has arrived.' . . . When the first ball fell in the streets of Paris, everybody cried laughingly, '*Tiens!* They must think the psychological moment has arrived!'

The facts are vouched for by the *New English Dictionary;* but for all the lexicographers may say, 'the psychological moment' is too firmly fixed in usage to be withdrawn readily.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Ferrata, Card. Dominique: *Memoires.* Roma, Ciggiani, 1920 (tre vol. L 60).

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